HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXI.—No. 1618.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

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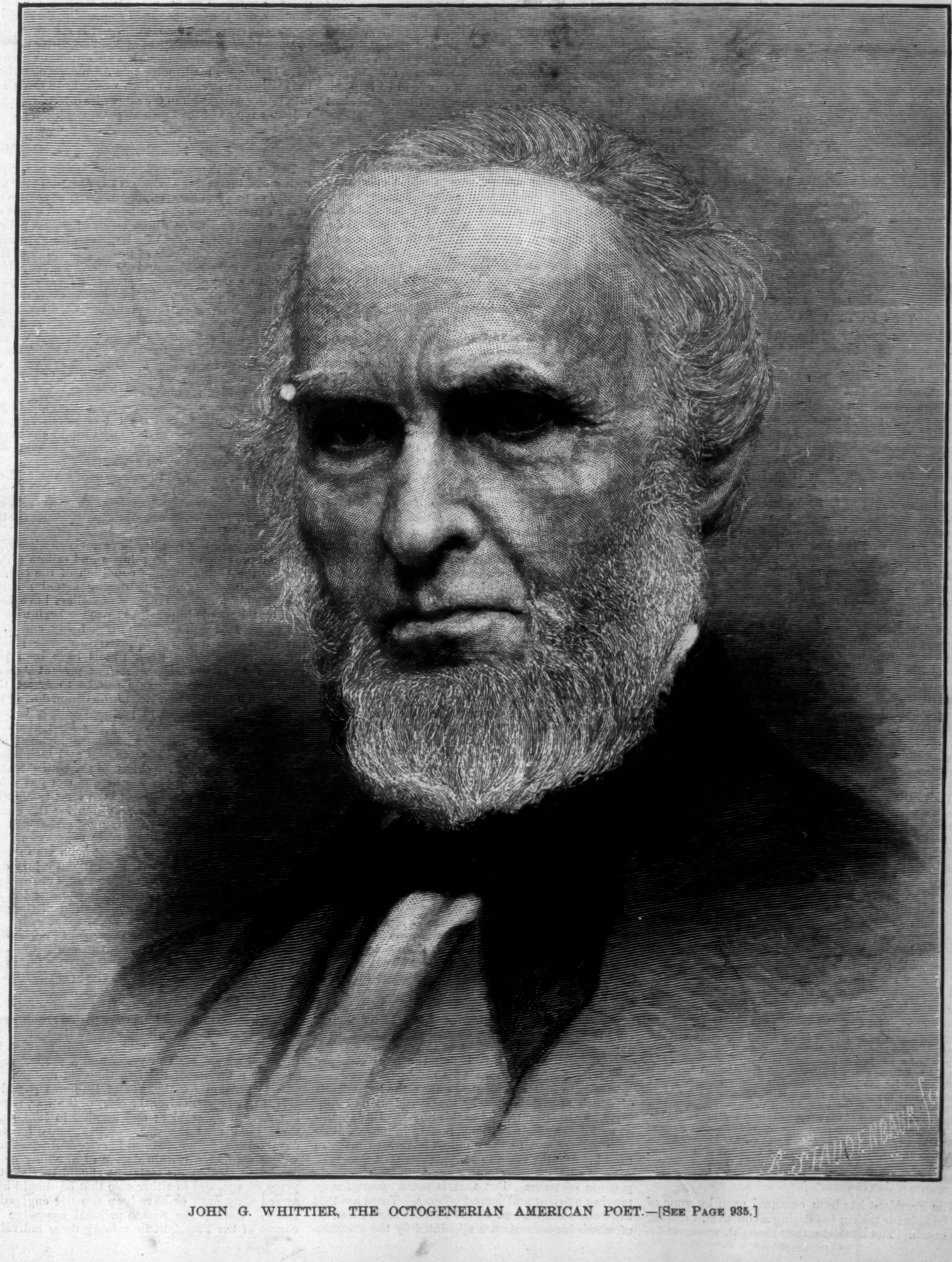


JOHN G. WHITTIER, THE OCTOGENERIAN AMERICAN POET.—[See Page 935.]

"There may be in all this broad world a better weekly illustrated publication for children than HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but the *Herald* at least has no knowledge of any such periodical."—*Chicago Herald.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for December 20th is one of a series of holiday numbers that are unusually attractive, and fitly supplement the beautiful Christmas Number issued two weeks ago.

In addition to two handsomely engraved illustrations by ST. JOHN HARPER *and* CLINTON PETERS, *respectively, the current number contains two stories, "Lucky Larry, An Irish Christmas Story," by* LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY, *and "St. Nick's Own Express," by* SOPHIE SWETT, *both illustrated; the second instalment of "A New Robinson Crusoe," by* W. L. ALDEN, *with an illustration by* FREDERICK BARNARD; *"Broad-shouldered Boys," by* WILLIAM BLAIKIE, *author of "How to get Strong," etc.*

With this number is issued a beautiful

COLORED SUPPLEMENT,

"AN UNWILLING PARTNER,"

FROM A WATER-COLOR BY ROSINA EMMETT SHERWOOD.

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON'S NEW STORY.

A new serial story of thrilling dramatic interest, entitled

"THROUGH THE LONG NIGHTS,"

by the popular novelist MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, *author of "Ione Stewart," "Paston Carew," etc., etc., will be begun in the number of* HARPER'S BAZAR *published December* 30, 1887.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

In next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be begun a new story, entitled*

"THE WAITING SUPPER,"

by THOMAS HARDY, *author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," etc.*

THE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

THE plain necessity of devising some scheme for the reduction of the surplus, the declarations to that effect of both parties, the earnest, frank, and forcible recommendations of the President in his Message, and the just apprehension in business circles of the consequences of longer neglect of the subject, show the public expectation and prescribe the duty of Congressional action during the session. But the political division of the two Houses of Congress, and the small Democratic majority in the House, which upon this question is at the mercy of the Democratic protectionists, led by Mr. RANDALL, make it certain that any measure which may be adopted will be a compromise measure, not drawn wholly upon the lines of the Message. This is more probable from the fact that the President's clear and strong manifesto somewhat outruns the sympathy of his party. The Democratic party has been long unaccustomed to act upon a definite principle. It is timid and hesitating, and in the Southern States the recent rapid development of manufacturing industries has modified the older politico-economical views of that part of the country. The Southern members of Congress will incline to a compromise, and if any scheme can pass a Democratic House in which Mr. RANDALL controls the position, and the Senate, with its small Republican majority, it will be probably a measure abolishing the tobacco tax and part of the sugar duty, and adding certain raw materials to the free list.

This action would tend to baffle the recent expectation that the contest of next year would be waged upon the issue of protection. The President, in common with the great mass of Americans, holds that the revenue must be largely derived from a tariff. A party which should propose free-trade would be overwhelmed at the polls, and there is no controversy between protection and free-trade. The cry of free-trade against those who would reduce the surplus not only by diminishing taxation, but by diminishing it in a way to promote manufactures and to increase the opportunities of employment, is like the cry of disunionists which was raised against the Republicans thirty years ago. Mr. SEWARD'S speech at Rochester, in which he described the slavery controversy as "an irrepressible conflict," was instantly stigmatized by the slavery press in the Northern States as "a brutal and bloody manifesto." In the same way the cry of free-trade is now raised as an appeal to prejudice and ignorance. The President truly says of it:

> "The question of free-trade is absolutely irrelevant, and the persistent claim made in certain quarters that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called free-traders is mischievous, and far removed from any consideration for the public good. The simple and plain duty which we owe the people is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the government, and to restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the Treasury through the perversion of governmental powers. These things can and should be done with safety to all our industries, without danger to the opportunity for remunerative labor which our working-men need, and with benefit to them and all our people, by cheapening their means of subsistence and increasing the measure of their comforts."

The President has been censured even by some of his friends for taking too daring a course and risking too much. The situation, they thought, was most favorable, and he has needlessly aroused dissension. He has been accused, from a partisan point of view, of dividing his own party, uniting the opposition, and assuring the election of Mr. BLAINE. But the President, as a Democrat, probably saw that with a rapidly increasing surplus there may be at any moment a disastrous panic; and a panic like that which impended last September, should it recur next September, as might be fairly expected, would overwhelm the Administration party. He also saw, probably, that the nomination of Mr. BLAINE would not be a disadvantage for the Democratic party. The cry of free-trade and the glamour of ultra-protection would not alarm intelligent voters, nor blind their eyes to the unchanged reasons which produced the defeat of Mr. BLAINE in 1884. Meanwhile, the President having discharged his constitutional duty in recommending a general course to Congress, the responsibility rests with the legislature. Its duty to the country is plain. The peril of a rapidly increasing surplus is so obvious and so universally admitted, except in the preposterous suggestion of Mr. BLAINE that a surplus shall be accumulated to relieve a certain class of taxpayers under State laws, that it ought to be impossible for party manœuvring to neglect the most evident public desire and necessity.

THE POST-OFFICE.

THE Post-office Department is especially the department of public convenience in which everybody has a personal interest, and it is also the great patronage department. It reaches into the most remote settlements, and touches every point of the national domain. The annual report of the Postmaster-General is therefore of peculiar interest, and this year it gives a very favorable view of the business of the department. The net increase of revenue over the last year is nearly $5,000,000, and the increase of expense is only $2,000,000. The deficit of $7,000,000 in the year 1886 therefore has been reduced to $4,000,000, and the Postmaster-General says that if there should be no unfavorable legislation during the present fiscal year, a surplus may be fairly anticipated. Such a result would be extremely creditable to the administration of the department, and the fact could be made very serviceable to the dominant party in the campaign of next year. The Postmaster-General does not favor any reduction of postal rates at present. But he anticipates an early period when, with due economy of administration, the rate of letter postage may be wisely reduced to one cent, and some diminution may be possible in merchandise rates. The report considers the inequality of compensation among certain postmasters of the third class. Some who do a business of more than $7000 receive only from $600 to $800 a year, while others who do a business of more than $8000 receive $2000 a year net. The remedy suggested is a more natural classification of the offices by the character and amount of business, and a division of the offices into two, or possibly three, classes. The report discusses the details of such a scheme.

The report recommends the extension of the free-delivery system into every town and city "where business interests and local conditions are such as to make it of an advantage compensatory to its cost." The special delivery has paid the government $29,000, although it has not much increased in scope. The Postmaster-General recommends strongly that the government should erect buildings "separately and solely" for postal uses, and he urges the appointment of a Fourth Assistant for the care of post-offices. He would also have the government buy its own cars for carrying inland mails, and he would pay a monthly subsidy of $3000 or $4000 for mail service between New York and the river Plate. He urges warmly also the repeal of the present form of prohibition of advertising and printing upon wrappers, which has resulted in so serious a loss and annoyance to a great multitude of persons. The suggestion of repeal is wise. But the law is not a new one, and the wiser course of the department would have been to acquiesce in the practical neglect into which the law had fallen because of its inconvenience, and to recommend repeal for that reason. The domestic money-order service reached a total during the year of $117,462,660 89, and the international orders of $9,035,530 31, and postal notes were issued to the amount of $11,768,824 81. The vast business of the department may be inferred from a few details. During the year 60,468,900 blanks have been issued, 193,091,700 facing slips, 112,403 books, 778,152 pounds of twine, 506,200 slide labels, with many others. For transport of the mails more than $28,000,000 have been paid, and the total cost per mile for the whole service is $123 52.

There are 2381 Presidential offices, the incumbents of which are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and of this number 313 appointed by former administrations remain in office. More than 350 changes in these offices have been made in the nine months since the adjournment of Congress. A large part of these changes are doubtless due to expiration of terms. But that is not a reason for removing efficient and honest officers. There are 1864 third-class offices, and 53,053 fourth-class offices, all of whose incumbents are appointed by the Postmaster-General, and there are 625 branch offices or stations. It is stated that of the fourth-class postmasters a little more than 39 per cent. of those in office on March 7, 1885, still remain. Probably half of those offices are not desirable for their emolument, and the figures show a pretty general change in the service within two years and seven months. At the same rate the change would be practically complete at the end of the four years. One of the earliest abuses of administration, which still continues, is the appointment of small local newspaper proprietors and editors as postmasters. The public money is thus used to subsidize local advocates of the Administration, and to furnish a head-quarters for the dominant party. The postmaster becomes the local party boss, and the public service, which is peculiarly that of all the people, is thus often made exceedingly offensive to citizens of the opposite party. Complaints of this mischief are very familiar, and the evil has been one of the persuasive practical arguments for reform. It is a blow at the independence of the press to appoint an editor a postmaster. We do not know that an unusual number have been appointed under this Administration, but the statistics in regard to them would have made an interesting paragraph in the otherwise interesting and valuable report of the Postmaster-General.

PENSIONS.

THE general demoralization which is due to an immense and increasing surplus is illustrated by the diversity of projects for spending it. The advocates of every extraordinary scheme hope to snatch a part of the surplus, and those whose views of public policy require the maintenance of a large surplus naturally teach the desirability, not of limiting taxation to the needs of the government, and of restraining the public expenditure, but of spending profusely for every purpose to which any semblance of public concern can be given. Among all these schemes, however, there is one which takes precedence. It is widely and well organized, and assumes to be an expression of the strongest national sentiment of gratitude. This is the movement for further pensions. It is largely, of course, an enterprise of pension agents, and with every point gained it extends its demand. It aims at dependent pensions and at service pensions, and hopes ultimately to place upon the list of public support every person who served for any time in the army or navy, and with them a certain range of their relations. In some of the Western States, as Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Minnesota, where many soldiers of the war have settled, the organization of the pension movement is very complete, and the pension claim made practically one of the chief issues for the campaign of next year.

The people of this country have not been niggardly in their provision for the soldiers and sailors of the war for the Union, but the condition of the bounty has been disability arising during actual service. Nearly nine hundred millions of dollars have been paid by the people in pensions since the beginning of the war. This sum has been given freely, and there has been such indisposition even to appear grudging that undoubtedly great frauds have been perpetrated upon the Treasury. The present Administration has most properly sought to arrest this abuse. The military service of the Union during the rebellion was rewarded in pay and bounty beyond precedent. Especial preference has been given by law to soldiers and sailors in public employment, and Homes for them have been erected and maintained by the government. No citizen of the United States, whether he served in the war or not, can justly feel that his countrymen have not been most thoughtful and most generous in their provision for the Union soldiers and sailors, and he may most properly insist that a proposition substantially to support in great part at the public expense every person who served for any time, however short, and without injury during the war is a scheme to pauperize and degrade patriotic American citizens, and to demoralize the national character and the administration of the government.

In the veto message of the Dependent Pension Bill last February President CLEVELAND stated the facts in regard to other service pensions. In 1818 such pensions were granted to the survivors of the Revolutionary war, conditioned upon service for not less than nine months and upon the actual need of assistance. Again, in 1828 and 1832 bills were passed requiring, in the first case, service until the close of the war, and in the second case for those not included in the first bill who had served for two years, and a proportionate sum for a service of not less than six months. A service pension for the war of 1812 was passed in 1871, fifty-six years after the close of the war, requiring sixty days' service; and another in 1878, sixty-three years after the war, requiring only fourteen days' service. The Mexican Service Bill passed last winter requires a certain degree of disability or dependency, or that the claimant should be sixty-two years of age, and in either case that he should have served sixty days, or have been actually engaged in battle. During the recent political campaign the course of the President in vetoing those individual

pension bills which seemed to him to be careless and unjust was fervently denounced as due to a virtually Copperhead hatred of Union soldiers and the Union cause. It was a contemptible injustice to the Executive. His course upon this subject is unquestionably approved by the sterling and patriotic good sense of the country, including, of course, hosts of Union veterans. Undoubtedly there is an effort making to unite "the soldier vote" against the re-election of Mr. CLEVELAND. But whatever other arguments against his re-election may be justly urged, his official conduct in regard to pensions has greatly commended him to public confidence.

A DROLL DEBATE.

THERE is an amusing controversy in Republican circles whether an increase of votes is desirable for a party. It has been generally supposed that parties regarded votes for their candidates with great favor, and they are not usually scrupulous about the character of voters or the significance of their support. In 1884 the Republican party in New York was profoundly grateful for some 40,000 Irish Catholic votes for its candidate as a set-off for the votes of a great body of original Republicans who declined to support him. The new recruits were no more Republicans than the seceders were Democrats. They were the poorest kind, that is to say, the least intelligent, of Democrats. So in the recent election in this State Mr. BELDEN, a Republican candidate for Congress, whom many of the Republican organs could not summon courage even to mention, notwithstanding the frank and open refusal of many Republicans to vote for him, received a large Democratic vote, and was elected, we believe, by the largest majority, or one of the largest, ever cast in that district for a Republican member of Congress. The Democratic votes were probably very welcome to Mr. BELDEN, and perhaps but for their timely aid the protesting Republican vote might have imperilled his election.

In 1884 there was a very large Republican vote in New York which was cast against Mr. BLAINE, who was defeated by Mr. CLEVELAND'S small plurality in that State. The contention now is that the Republican party would be stronger in New York without that independent vote, and the argument for this comical assertion is that in 1885 the independent vote was given to Mr. DAVENPORT, while Mr. HILL was elected by 10,000 majority. This result, however, is generally understood to be due to the return of the Irish vote of Mr. BLAINE to the Democratic candidate, and to the resolution of BLAINE Republicans that Mr. DAVENPORT should not carry in '85 the State which Mr. BLAINE had lost in '84. It is plain that if the BLAINE Irish Catholic vote of '84 was cast for Mr. DAVENPORT in '85, and that the large independent vote was cast for him also, and still Mr. HILL was elected by 10,000 majority, the result must have been due to Republicans who would not vote for their own ticket. It was not the independent vote that made the candidate weaker, unless because of that support the BLAINE Republicans would not vote for him in order "to spite" the independents. It is equally clear that if the whole New York Republican vote of '84 should be cast for the Republican candidate in '88, and the independent vote should be cast for him also, he would be elected. But the wise Republican authorities of which we speak do not desire success upon those terms. They were eager to accept it from the Irish Catholic vote in 1884, but not from the mugwump vote in 1888.

This is a suggestive illustration of the wisdom which controls the present management of the Republican party. Children pouting in a corner are not more foolish figures than some of those who assume to be the leaders of a great party with a great history. The Republican party lost New York in 1884, and secured its defeat in the country, by nominating a candidate whom multitudes of the best Republicans would not support. In New York at the late election it placed Colonel GRANT at the head of its State ticket solely because he was the son of General GRANT, which was an insult both to Colonel GRANT and to intelligent Republicans. It has just elected Mr. BELDEN to Congress by a very large majority, a candidate for whom a great body of the most honorable Republicans refused to vote. It has placed itself under the control of ex-Senator PLATT, a leader who is perfectly well known in New York, and as a public man entirely unknown elsewhere. It plays fast and loose upon the temperance question. It has just been defeated in the State by an imposing majority, and in this plight it is moving toward the election of next year, its BLAINE faction determined to renominate him, and his opponents dreading that the BLAINE faction would "knife" any other candidate. The Irish vote of '84 has slipped off upon the Democratic side. The Labor diversion has disappeared. The Administration has unquestionably a good name in the country at large. The "Democratic scare is off." New York is indispensable to Republican success, and in this situation Republican wisdom announces that the party will be stronger without the independent vote. It is evidently not more organization, it is more common-sense that is wanting.

MR. WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

MR. WHITTIER, who has just completed his eightieth year, is not our oldest author, for Mr. BANCROFT at eighty-seven is still diligently at work. But none of our authors has been held in more tender regard by his countrymen than Mr. WHITTIER. His pure, lofty, and simple life, his fidelity to every generous effort for the improvement of his fellow-men, his identification with the great controversy of his generation—of which some of his burning and beautiful lyrics will be among the most enduring memorials—the ideal "friendliness" or Quaker quality of his character, have greatly endeared him to the American people.

At one of the New England dinners just after the war JAMES T. BRADY, in the course of a characteristically eloquent speech, said that he was a Catholic, an Irishman, and a Democrat, but that the book which lay by his bedside with his Bible was the poems of the New England Quaker abolitionist. In all the force and fervor of his uncompromising song the gentleness and humanity of the man never forsook the poet, and when the contest ended there was no lingering bitterness, no muttering and slowly dying wrath, but his muse held her melodious way, true, like WORDSWORTH'S skylark, to the kindred points of heaven and home.

In a manner which must have been most gratifying to him, he has received upon his eightieth birthday the expression of the affection of his friends and fellow-citizens. In his tranquil home, and at an age

> "serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night,"

Mr. WHITTIER is still busy, and still maintains his happy relations with the world, and if, like all men who reach with undiminished powers his reverend age, he hears through the congratulations of his juniors the voices that are still, he knows surely that even those voices, if more familiar, could not greet him with truer sympathy and affection.

THE LATE MRS. ASTOR.

THERE are few women in a wholly private sphere whose death would be more widely and sincerely lamented than that of the late Mrs. ASTOR. She was one of the most gracious, kindly, and dignified figures not only in that world of society which, like MARIE ANTOINETTE in BURKE'S glowing phrase, she decorated and cheered, but among the poor and suffering and dependent, for whose comfort and relief her generous heart and wise mind were always engaged. It is at the end of life, when the pageant and the glamour of prosperous circumstance disappear, and only the essential personal quality remains, that men and women can be estimated in their relation to the things that are eternal.

It is then that the pathetic force of SCOTT'S dying injunction to LOCKHART is truly felt—and we wish that its spirit should be true, whatever else may be unsaid, of those whom we love and who die—"Be a good man, my dear!" Of Mrs. ASTOR it is especially true that she was in the best sense a good woman. The immense opportunities which great wealth opens, and the serious duties and ceaseless responsibilities which it imposes, she perfectly comprehended, and her life was devoted to orderly, beautiful, and unending beneficence. It is not the gift, but the giving, which is most precious and helpful. It is not the succor, but the sympathy and intelligence and gentle humanity with which it is offered, that cheers the very soul of the poor and the weary and the dying.

This was the spiritual grace of the lady whose death is so wide a sorrow. She was accomplished, spirited, full of tact, of a most refined urbanity, of a sympathetic intelligence, of unfailing thoughtfulness of others, which singularly became a woman in her social situation. But her sweet superiority to the accidents of fortune, her humane heart, and the good sense which constantly showed her the real relations and worth of human life—these are the crown of that affectionate regard with which her memory must be always cherished.

A WOMAN'S PLEA.

THE law of New York which authorizes women to vote at school elections has not as yet produced a great increase in that vote. This, however, is of less importance than the fact of the authorization. As women are parents, and as the great multitude of teachers are women, it is not surprising that the law of the State should at last recognize their equal interest in the management of schools. The recent appointment by Governor HILL of two ladies upon the Board of Management of the Buffalo Insane Asylum was a continuation of the wise policy that has already placed two other ladies upon the State Board of Charities. These are all signs of the gradual growth of the conviction that it is for the advantage of the community that in many of its most important duties women should take an active and responsible part.

A very intelligent woman, who regrets what she calls "the demand for full suffrage," and who is a property-holder, makes a strong plea for the voting of tax-paying women at municipal elections. Are property-holders willing, she asks, that those who have no personal interest in the money affairs of a town should control the election of the officers who manage such affairs? She points out that in many towns an ignorant and vicious majority of men who have no especial interest in the town, and who pay no taxes, control the raising and expenditure of all the money, and she thinks that it is the true policy of every community which groans under unjust taxation, and waste, if not plunder, of the public funds, to ask the co-operation of tax-paying women in the management of the town business.

The logic is good. Representation is held to go with taxation, and virtual representation is not admitted by the American principle. There are difficulties, however, but of another kind, as the school elections prove. Experience shows nothing more plainly than the gradual maturing of public opinion in regard to the participation of women in those common duties in which their interest is not less than that of men. Meanwhile the constant modification of restrictive laws upon the subject, which are seen to be unfair and unreasonable, should be an earnest to women who are large holders of property that they will not be forgotten by the law.

PERSONAL.

EDWARD BURNETT, who succeeds Mr. ELY in Congress, is a brother-in-law of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, and the owner of Deerfoot Farm, near Boston. He is an authority upon blooded stock, and the Deerfoot butter and sausages have a name as far away from home as New York, where they are eagerly sought, and always command a high price.

—Captain JAMES W. BRAISTED was the oldest New York harbor pilot. When a boy he served an apprenticeship on the old Staten Island ferry-boats under Commodore VANDERBILT. For twenty-six years he was superintendent of the Staten Island Ferry Company. A short time ago he accepted a similar position with the West Shore Railroad Ferry Company.

—Madame PATTI is not the only singer with a castle to call her home. MINNIE HAUK owns a castle among the Swiss mountains, where she spends her vacations. It was at one time used as a fortress, and the stout walls are six to eight feet thick. The rooms are large, but are so well filled with furniture, and the walls so thickly hung with pictures, that they seem quite cozy. Here Madame HAUK keeps the trophies of her career, and here her husband stores his ethnographical collection. Three fine dogs are Madame HAUK'S especial pets, and she is very fond of roaming the mountains, while they follow at her heels or bound up the steep paths in front of her.

—Mr. W. J. ROLFE, the Shakespearian editor, has been made the victim of a shameless piece of literary piracy by a person calling himself GABRIEL T. GILMORE, whose present field of activity is Madras, British India. GILMORE not only steals *verbatim et literatim* Mr. ROLFE'S notes to SHAKESPEARE'S plays as issued by HARPER & BROTHERS, but boldly announces that the reprint has been made "by permission." As GILMORE has had permission from neither the publishers nor author of these notes, he is evidently a thorough-going literary fraud.

—Governor BODWELL, of Maine, who died at Hallowell on Thursday last, at the age of sixty-nine, began to work when he was eight years old, and has been in harness ever since. In private life he was almost a model man. He used his great wealth well and

wisely. It was said quite recently that he gave on the average $10 every day of the year to the poor. He gave very largely in other ways. Personally he was the most democratic of men. He loved to talk of his early struggles, and if he was proud of anything it was of the fact that he had come from the bottom of the ladder pretty well to the top.

—SAMPSON LOW & Co., of London, have just published an exceedingly interesting volume by Dr. HENRY LANSDELL, entitled *Through Central Asia*—the record of a journey through Turkistan, Bokhara, and Turkmenia, of 12,000 miles, with seventy-five illustrations. Dr. LANSDELL is one of the best of living authorities on the subject treated, as is shown by his recent admirable contributions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, "The Natives of Siberia" and "The Sons of the Steppes."

—The Princess MATHILDE BONAPARTE is talking about giving her memoirs to the world. She has had a romantic career, and lived her life among distinguished people, and her *salon* has been for generations one of the most attractive in Paris. The Princess has studied and practised art seriously for twenty-five years, and many of her water-colors have been exhibited at the Salon. The last edition of GAUTIER'S *Enamels and Cameos* contains some of her water-color drawings.

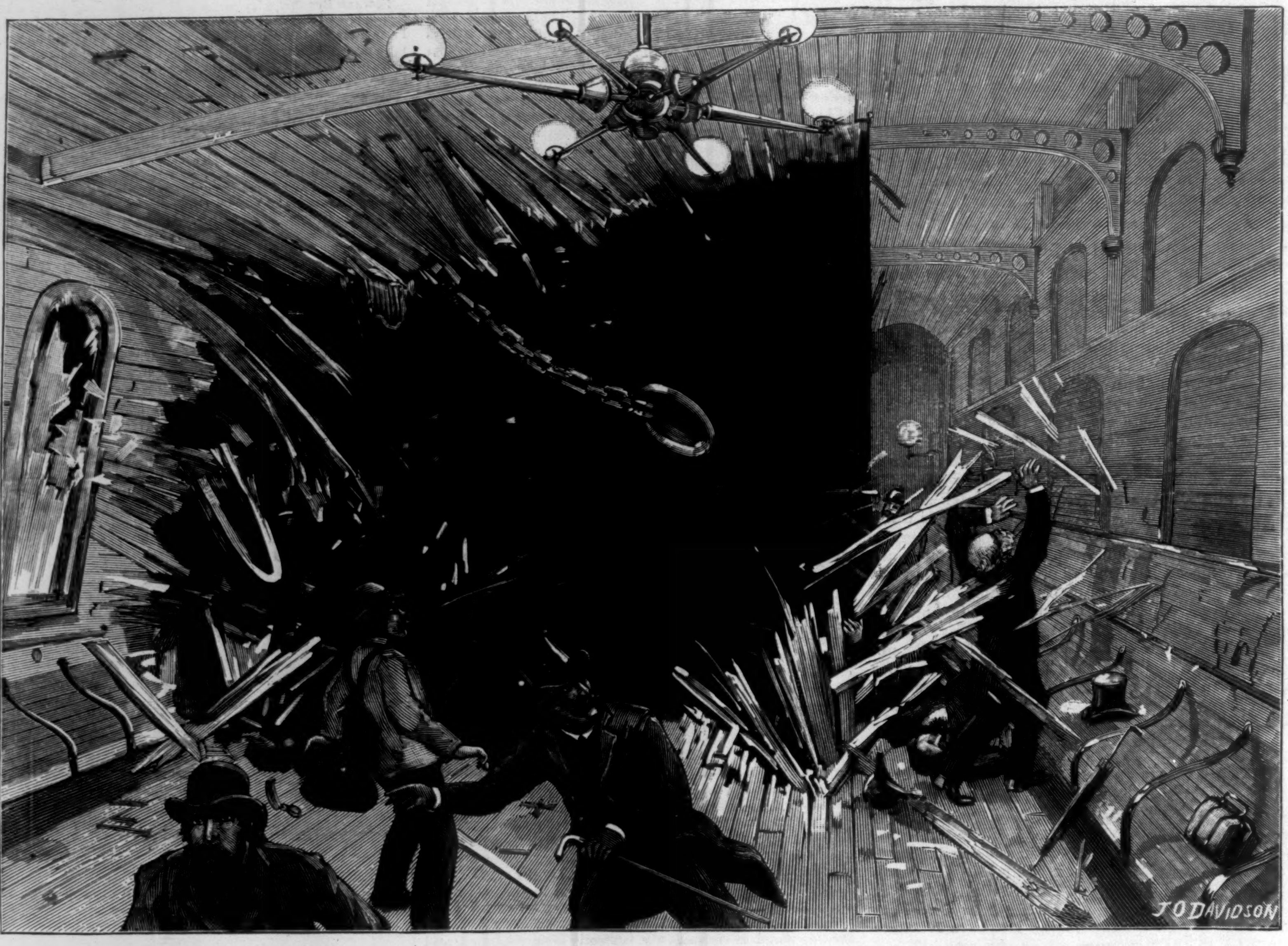
—DOUGLASS PYNE, M.P., has shut himself up in a tower of Lisfinny Castle, Ireland, which he rents from the Duke of Devonshire. When his friends come to see him he talks to them from a height of seventy feet. His letters and papers are sent up to him in a basket, which he pulls up by a rope, and down this same rope he occasionally climbs when he wants a whispered conference with a friend. A devoted adherent lives in the castle with him, and he is as safe up there as a thief in a mill.

—Senator PALMER, of Michigan, has $100,000 worth of Percheron horses on his farm near Detroit, and he has just sent an agent to Damascus to purchase some Arabian stock for him. Senator PALMER'S farm consists of 657 acres, and a log cabin which cost $12,000. His specialties are Percheron horses, Jersey cows, and Blenheim spaniels.

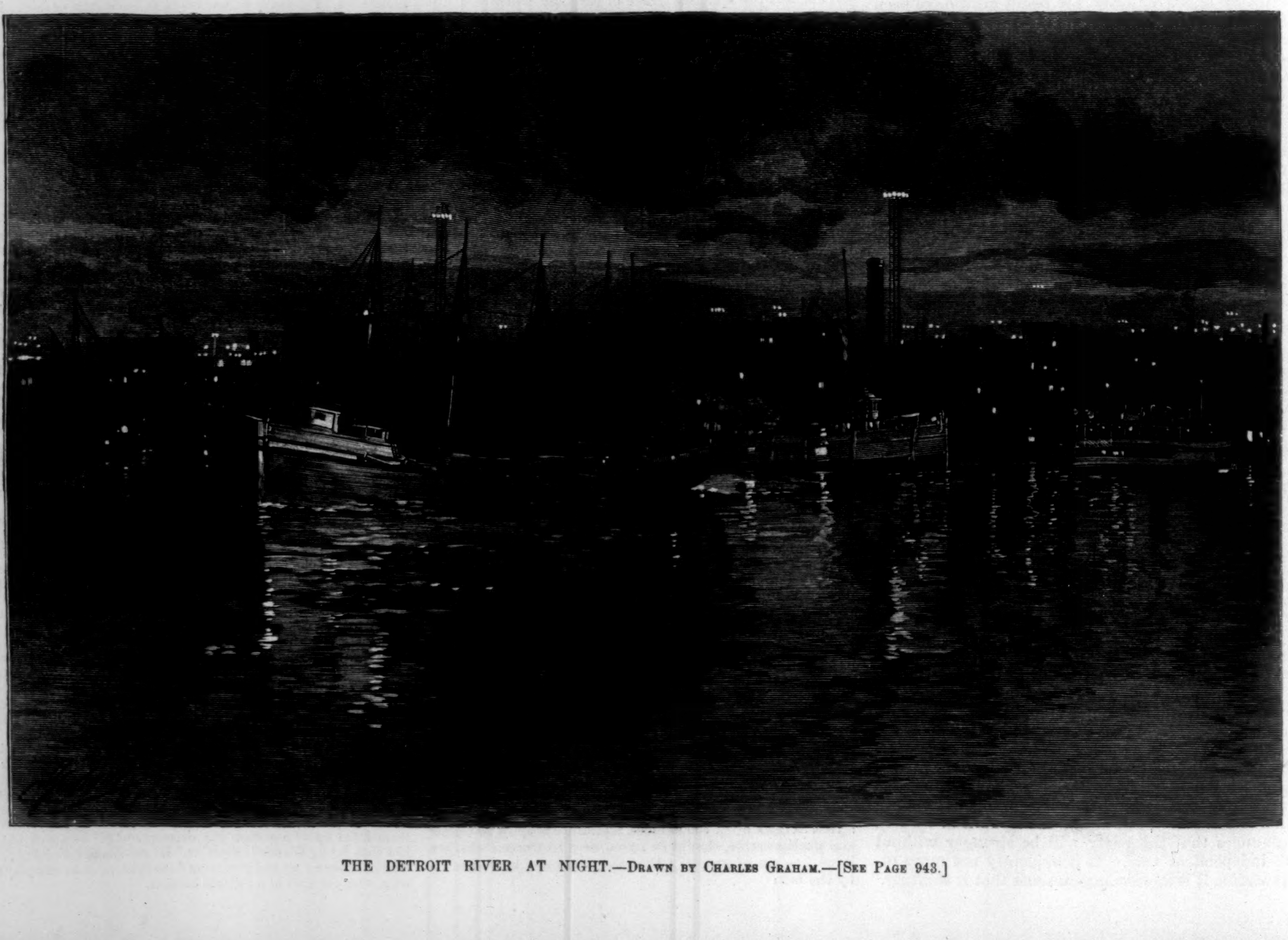
—The new Washington house of S. S. COX, in Du Pont Circle, is four stories high, and is of a somewhat ornate style of architecture. There is a wide stone porch at the entrance, and a wide fireplace in the hall. Mr. COX'S library is in the second story, and runs the entire length of the front. It is finished in mahogany wrought in Moorish designs.

—The home of Senator QUAY, of Pennsylvania, in the little town of Beaver, is conspicuous for the large number of books it contains. The whole house is a library. There are book-shelves in every room and in the halls, many of them rare editions, and all intended for use. The house itself is a plain old-fashioned brick, standing back from the street, with a lawn in front dotted with shrubs and shade trees. Senator QUAY was Governor CURTIN'S private secretary at the breaking out of the rebellion, a position he resigned to become Colonel of the 134th Regiment.

—Amateur photographers are said to be much cleverer at inventing improvements in photographic instruments than professionals. Dr. H. G. PIFFARD, of New York, has invented a process which is almost quicker than "instantaneous," and the photographs can be taken at night as easily as during the day. FRED WAUGH, a young Philadelphia painter, makes all his own cameras, and has them fitted up with endless improvements of his own contriving. But then young WAUGH is a genius. He can make mandolins that look as though they had just come from Spain, and he can play on them with the skill of a Spanish student.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE OLD DOMINION STEAMER "BREAKWATER" AND THE ERIE FERRY-BOAT "PAVONIA."
Drawn by J. O. Davidson at the Moment of Collision.—[See Page 939.]



THE DETROIT RIVER AT NIGHT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 943.]

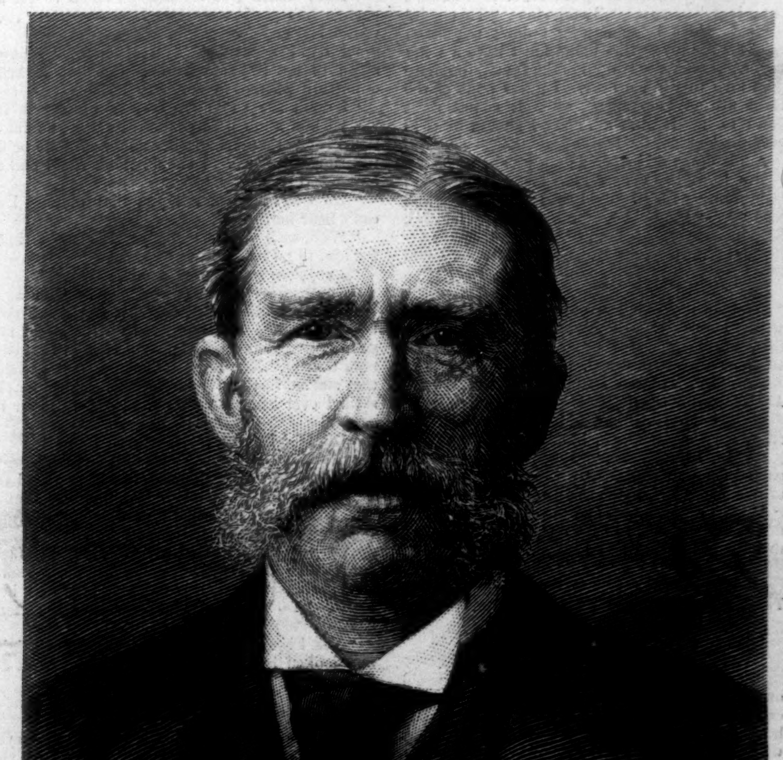
M. JULES FERRY, THE FRENCH "OPPORTUNIST" LEADER.

MR. SAMUEL SPENCER, THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

JULES FERRY.

THE attempted assassination of M. JULES FERRY, on December 10th, by a man named AUBERTIN, who fired three shots at him with a small pistol in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, inflicting wounds that did not prove fatal, has aroused fresh interest in this well-known French statesman.

Born at Saint-Dié, in the Vosges, April 5, 1832, JULES FRANÇOIS CAMILLE FERRY studied law at Paris, was admitted to the bar there in 1854, took part in journalism, and joined the opposition to NAPOLEON III., being one of those condemned in the Trial of the Thirteen in 1864. The year previous he had exposed Imperial methods in his pamphlet on "The Electoral Struggle." Then he joined the *Temps* newspaper, and severely criticised Baron HAUSSMAN's expenditures for rebuilding Paris, the articles being reprinted as "Comptes Fantastiques d'Haussman." In 1869 he was elected to the Corps Législatif from the Sixth Circonscription of the Seine, and sat with the Left. He quickly made himself conspicuous, proposing the abolition of the court that acquitted Prince PIERRE BONAPARTE, and also the dissolution of the Corps Législatif as no longer representing the people. He voted against the declaration of war with Prussia. When the Empire fell, in September, 1870, he was made Secretary of the provisional Government of the National Defence, and had charge of the Department of the Seine. Afterward he succeeded M. ARAGO in the Central Mayoralty of Paris during the siege of the city, and several times was conspicuously engaged in repressing the Communist rioters. Early in 1871 he was chosen to represent the Department of the Vosges, and for a short time was Prefect of the Seine under M. THIERS. In 1872 he was made Minister to Athens, then again became a legislator, and President of the Left. Under M. GRÉVY, in 1879, he was Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. The Ministry was upset, and then M. FERRY, in 1880, became Prime-Minister, and carried out repressive laws against the Catholic Church. His own Ministry fell a victim to its Tunis expedition policy. In 1883 FERRY again became Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, but his Ministry was ended through the mishaps of the Tonquin campaign. The unpopularity which he then acquired was a potent element in his recent defeat as a candidate for President of the Republic on M. GRÉVY's resignation, although he was at first the leading candidate of the Left. Previous to the election M. FERRY was involved in a quarrel with General BOULANGER through a contemptuous epithet which he applied to the latter, but the duel which BOULANGER desired never came off. M. FERRY, while one of the ablest of contemporary French statesmen, has sometimes been regarded as too decided a party manager or schemer; but the murderous attack of his assailant, on vague political grounds, has somewhat reinstated him in popularity.



MR. WILLIAM E. DODGE, PRESIDENT OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE FOR THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 946.]

THE LATE MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.
[SEE PAGE 935.]

UP PRIMROSE HILL.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

"WE can, Mis' Rowe; this winder ain't fastened. I can slide it up easy 'nough."

"Where does it go to?"

"Into the kitchen. I declare, there's the teakittle on the stove; an' I should think the door was open into the butt'ry. Yes, 'tis. Mis' Rowe, the dishes are settin' on the shelves jest the way they was left."

"Can you see 'em?"

"Yes, I can. I don't b'lieve there's one speck of harm in our gettin' in an' lookin' round a little."

"Oh, Mis' Daggett, do you think we'd ought to?"

"I'd like to know what harm 'twould do."

"S'pose they should find it out?"

"I don't see who *they* is. There ain't one of the Primroses left but Maria, an' it ain't likely she'll be round here to find it out very soon."

"It's awful 'bout her, ain't it?"

"I dun know as I think it's very awful; it ain't any more than she deserves for treatin' Abel Rice the way she did."

"I've heard her husband had spent 'most all her money."

"Guess it's true 'nough. They said once she was goin' to leave him."

"I never really believed he struck her the way they said he did; did you?"

"Guess it's true 'nough. I tell you what it is, Mis' Rowe: I b'lieve folks get their desarts in this world sometimes.—We can get in here jest as easy as not, if we are a mind to."

"Oh, Mis' Daggett, I dun know 'bout it."

"There ain't a bit of harm in't," said Mrs. Daggett, who was long and vigorous and sinewy. Then with no more ado she pushed up the grating old window.

Mrs. Rowe, who was a delicate little body, stood timorously aloof in a bed of mint that had grown up around the kitchen door of the old Primrose house. There was a small wilderness of mint and sweetbrier and low pink-flowering mallow around the door. All the old foot-tracks were concealed by them.

The window was not very high; Mrs. Daggett put one knee on the sill and climbed in easily enough. Mrs. Rowe watched her with dilated eyes; occasionally she peered behind her; she had a sideway poise like a deer. It was perfectly evident that if she were to see any one approaching, she would fly and leave her companion to her fate.

"Come, you get in now," said Mrs. Daggett. Her harsh, yellow old face peered out of the window; back of it was a dark green gloom. All the windows but that were closed and blinded.

"Oh, Mis' Daggett, I dun know as I darse to!"

"Come along!"

"I don't b'lieve I can get in."

"Yes, you can; it ain't high."

Mrs. Rowe approached slowly; she lifted one feeble knee. "It's no use, I can't noway," said she.

Mrs. Daggett caught hold of her arms and pulled. "Now you climb while I pull!" she cried.

"Oh, I can't noway, Mis' Daggett! You'll pull my arms out by the roots. I guess you'd better stop."

"I'll get out an' boost you in," Mrs. Daggett said, briskly, and strode over the window-sill.

But the "boosting" was not successful; finally little Mrs. Rowe recoiled in terror. "I'm afraid you'll make me go in there head-first," said she. "I guess you'd better stop, Mis' Daggett. You go in an' look round, an' I'll wait here for you."

"I'll tell you what we can do: I'll set out a chair; you can climb in jest as easy as not, then."

Mrs. Daggett again climbed in, set out one of the dusty kitchen chairs, and Mrs. Rowe with many quavers made her entry. For a moment the two women stood close together, looking about them; Mrs. Rowe was quite pale, Mrs. Daggett shrewdly observant. "I'm goin' to open them other blinds an' have a little more light," she declared at length.

"Oh, do you s'pose you'd better?"

"I'd like to know what harm it can do." Mrs. Daggett forced up the old windows, and defiantly threw open the blinds.

The kitchen was a large one, with an old billowy floor and the usual furnishings. Mrs. Daggett lifted the tea-kettle and examined it. "It's all one bed of rust," said she; "set up with water in't, most likely; that Mis' Loomis that was here when old Mr. Primrose died wa'n't no kind of a house-keeper. I'm a-goin' into the butt'ry."

"Oh, do you think we'd better?"

"I'd like to know what harm it can do."

Mrs. Daggett advanced with virtuous steadfastness, and the other woman, casting fearful backward glances, followed hesitatingly in her wake. They entered the pantry, which was as large as a small room, and stood with their chins tipped, scanning the shelves. "There's a whole set of white ware," said Mrs. Daggett, "an' there's some blue packed away on the top shelf. I s'pose there's a chiny closet in the parlor, where the chiny is: they must have had some chiny dishes. Ain't that a nice platter? That's jest what I want, a platter that size. What's in here?"

"Oh, don't, Mis' Daggett; seems to me I wouldn't!"

"What's the harm, I'd like to know?"

Mrs. Daggett lifted the cover from a small jar. "It's quince sauce, sure's you live," said she, sniffing cautiously. "It don't look to me as if it was hurt one mite. I'm goin' to taste of it."

"Oh, Mis' Daggett!"

"I am." Mrs. Daggett found a knife, and plunged it defiantly into the quince sauce. "It's jest as ever 'twas; it 'ain't worked one mite. You taste of it, Mis' Rowe."

"Oh, I don't b'lieve I'd better, Mis' Daggett."

Mrs. Rowe looked with tremulous longing at the sauce which her friend held toward her on the tip of the knife.

"Land sakes! take it! What harm can it do?" Mrs. Daggett gave the knife a shove nearer, and Mrs. Rowe opened her mouth.

"It is good, ain't it?" she said, after tasting reflectively.

"I don't see why it ain't. Have some more."

"I guess I hadn't better."

"I'm goin' to. Might just as well; it's only spoilin' here." Mrs. Daggett helped herself to some generous dips of the sauce, and Mrs. Rowe also took sundry tastes between her remonstrances. They found nothing else that was edible, except some spices. Mrs. Daggett took a pinch of the cinnamon. "'Ain't lost its strength one mite," she remarked; "thought I'd like to see if it had."

The Primrose house was a large old-fashioned edifice. It had been the mansion-house of this tiny village, and its owners had been the grandees. The town was named for them; they had been almost like feudal lords of the little settlement. Now they all were dead with the exception of one daughter, and she had not been near her old home for twenty years. The house had been shut up since her father's death, five years ago. The great square rooms were damp and musty, and even the furniture seemed to have acquired an air of distance and reserve.

When the two curious women penetrated the statelier and more withdrawn recesses of the house, Mrs. Rowe eyed every chair as if it were alive and drawing up itself haughtily before interlopers. But Mrs. Daggett had no such feelings. She investigated everything unsparingly. She began opening a bureau drawer in one of the front chambers. Mrs. Rowe, watching her, fairly danced with weak and fascinated terror. "Oh, don't, Mis' Daggett—don't you open them drawers! You scare me dreadfully!" she cried.

"I'd like to know what harm it can do." Mrs. Daggett pulled out the drawer with a jerk. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed; "ain't this elegant!"

Mrs. Rowe tremblingly slid toward her and peeped around her shoulder, and just then came a loud peal of the door bell. Mrs. Rowe clutched Mrs. Daggett: "Oh, Mis' Daggett, come—come quick, for mercy' sake! That's the door-bell! Oh, Mis' Daggett, they'll ketch us here—they will! they will!"

"Keep still!" returned Mrs. Daggett. "No, they won't ketch us, neither. I dun know as we're doin' any harm if they did." She gave the bureau drawer a shove to, and led the retreat. "Come on down the back stairs," she said. "Don't break your neck; there's time 'nough."

When they were half-way down the stairs the bell rang again. "Oh!" gasped Mrs. Rowe—"oh, Mis' Daggett, they'll ketch us!"

"No, they won't, neither; come along." Mrs. Daggett climbed first out of the kitchen window. She thought that she could assist her friend better in that way. "I'll stand outside here and lift you down," she said. "Don't hurry so; you'll fall an' break your bones."

Mrs. Rowe mounted a chair with frantic haste, and got into the window. Mrs. Daggett extended both arms, and she jumped. "Mercy sakes! I'm ketched onto somethin'!" she screamed. "Oh, Mis' Daggett!" In fact, Mrs. Rowe's skirt had caught on something inside, and she pitched helplessly against her friend. "I hear 'em a-comin'," she groaned. "Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

"Can't you hang here a minute, till I reach in an' unhitch it?"

"Oh, I can't!—I can't! Don't you let go of me, Mis' Daggett—don't you! I shall fall and break my bones if you do. Oh, I hear 'em a-comin'! Oh, Mis' Daggett, you pull as hard as you can! It's my alpacky dress. I 'ain't had it but three years, but I don't care nothin' 'bout that. Oh, Mis' Daggett!"

Mrs. Rowe struggled wildly, and Mrs. Daggett pulled; finally the alpaca skirt gave way. Mrs. Rowe as she turned and fled cast one despairing glance at it. "It's spoilt!" she groaned; "a great three-cornered piece gouged out of it. Oh, Mis' Daggett, do hurry!"

Mrs. Daggett paused to shut the window; then she overtook her friend with long, vigorous strides. "I wa'n't goin' to leave that window up," she remarked, "not if I knew it."

The women skirted the house well to the right, and passed into the road.

"Now I'm goin' to walk by an' see who 'tis," said Mrs. Daggett.

"Oh, don't, Mis' Daggett; let's go right home."

"I'm jest goin' to walk up by the path where I can see in. Come along; they won't know we've been in the house."

Mrs. Daggett fairly pushed her timid friend in the direction that she wished.

The Primrose house was thickly surrounded by trees, and stood far back from the road; one could only get an uninterrupted view of the front door by looking directly up the walk.

Mrs. Daggett took a cautious glance as she passed the gate; then she stopped short. "Good land!" she exclaimed, "it ain't anybody but Abel Rice. If we ain't a passel of fools!" She could see between the trees a tall man with a yellow beard leaning against the front door of the Primrose house.

"Are you sure it's him?" quavered Mrs. Rowe.

"Course I'm sure. Don't you s'pose I know Abel Rice? If it ain't the greatest piece of work! There, I knew all about his goin' there an' ringin' the bell."

"I never knew as he did really."

"Well, I knew he did. Mrs. Adoniram White said she'd seen him time an' time again. To think of our runnin' away for a luny like Abel Rice!"

"It's awful 'bout his goin' there, ain't it?"

"Yes, 'tis awful. They say they've talked an' talked to him, but they can't make him b'lieve Maria Primrose don't live there; an' every once in a while, no matter what he's doin', hoein' potatoes or what, he'll steal off an' go up there an' ring the door-bell. I wish Maria could see him sometimes, an' realize what she did when she jilted him for that rich feller she married."

"It would serve her jest right; don't you think 'twould?"

"Yes, I do think it would serve her jest right."

The two were now walking along the sidewalk, leaving the Primrose house out of sight. Presently they came to the house where Mrs. Rowe lived, and she turned in at the gate. "Good-afternoon, Mis' Daggett," said she.

"Good-afternoon.—Say, Mis' Rowe, look here a minute."

Mrs. Rowe stepped back obediently. Mrs. Daggett approached her lips to her ear and dropped her voice to a whisper: "If—I was you, I wouldn't say nothin' about our goin' in there to Marthy."

"I ain't goin' to," rejoined Mrs. Rowe, with a wise air; "you needn't be afraid of that, Mis' Daggett."

"I 'ain't done nothin' I'm ashamed of, but it's jest as well not to tell everything you know. I'm dreadful sorry you tore your dress so, Mis' Rowe."

The rent in Mrs. Rowe's black alpaca dress attracted immediate attention when she entered the house; she turned herself cautiously, but her sister, Mrs. Joy, noticed it at once. "Why, Hannah, how did you tear your dress so?" said she.

"I ketched it," replied Mrs. Rowe, with a meek sigh, turning her head to look at the three-cornered rent.

"Why, I should think you did! I guess you'll have one job mendin' it. What did you ketch it onto?"

"On a nail. I see Abel Rice a-standin' ringin' the front-door bell at the Primrose house when I come by." Mrs. Rowe had very little diplomacy in her nature, but she could fly as skittishly as any other woman from a distasteful subject.

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Joy, with ready interest. "I never really knew whether to b'lieve them stories about his ringin' that bell or not."

"I see him with my own eyes." Mrs. Rowe was laying aside her bonnet and shawl, uncovering her small gray head and her narrow alpaca shoulders, which had a deprecating slope to them. One could judge more correctly of her character from her shoulders than from her face, which was shifty, reflecting lights and shadows from others; her shoulders were the immovable sign of herself.

Mrs. Joy did not resemble her in the least; she was larger and stouter, with a rosy face whose lines were all drawn with decision. When she was talking she surveyed one steadily with her full bright eyes that seldom winked. People called her a handsome woman. Her daughter Annie, who sat at the window with her crochet-work, resembled her, only she was young and girlishly slim, her bright, clear eyes were blue instead of black, and her hair was light. There was a brilliant color on her rather thin cheeks. She crocheted some scarlet worsted very rapidly, making her slender fingers fly. Her mother had a significant side tone for her in her voice when she spoke again.

"Well, there's no use talkin', Abel Rice couldn't have had any brains to speak of, or he wouldn't have lost 'em so easy," said she. "This goin' crazy for love is something I don't put much stock in, for my part. Folks must have a weak spot somewhere, or it would take something more than love to tip 'em over. I guess none of the Rices are any too smart, when it comes right down to it. It ain't a family I should want to get into."

Annie never said a word; she crocheted faster.

Mrs. Rowe had dropped her shawl-pin, and had been hunting for it. Just then she found it, and rose up. "I should be kind of afraid if Frank Rice had any—such kind of trouble, it might affect him the same way. Shouldn't you?" said she.

She fairly jumped when her sister replied: "Afraid of it? No, I guess I shouldn't be afraid of it. I guess there don't many folks get crazy for—love." Mrs. Joy pronounced "love" with an affectedly sweet drawl.

Mrs. Rowe colored shamefacedly. "I s'pose Abel did; don't you?"

"No, I don't, neither. Most likely he'd got crazy anyway; it was in him."

"Well, I dun know." Mrs. Rowe always departed from an argument with a mild profession of ignorance. She stood in awe of her sister.

When she left the room to put away her bonnet, Mrs. Joy turned to Annie: "Ain't you goin' to see him to-night?" she asked.

"I—haven't made up my mind."

"I should think it was about time you did. There's the picnic comin' off to-morrow."

"No, it isn't, either."

"When is it, I'd like to know?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Well, you 'ain't got any too much time; you'd ought to let him know a little beforehand, so he can get somebody else. I should think you'd better see him when he goes home to-night; it will do jest as well as any way."

Annie kept her eyes upon her crocheting; her cheeks grew redder. "I've—about made up my mind that I shall go with him, anyway," she muttered.

"What?"

"I've about made up my mind to go with Frank the way I said I would."

Mrs. Joy's eyes snapped. "Well, if you do, you'll have to give up all thoughts of Henry Simpson, that's all," said she. "If he sees you at that picnic with Frank Rice, he'll think it's all decided, an' he'll let you alone."

"Sometimes I think I'd rather he would."

"I'd like to know what you mean."

"I've about made up my mind that I don't want him, anyway."

"H'm! I'd like to know why."

Annie crocheted silently for a minute. "Well, I suppose that I like Frank the best," she murmured, with a shamefaced air.

"Oh! Well, I s'pose that's all that's necessary, then. I s'pose if you—*love* him, there ain't anything more to be said."

The manner with which her mother's voice lingered upon *love* made it seem at once shameful and ridiculous to the girl; but she raised a plea in her own defence.

"I don't care," said she; "I don't think it's right to get married unless you do love the one you marry."

"I guess you'll find out that there's something besides *love* if you do get married to Frank Rice, or I'll miss my guess. When you get settled down there in that little cooped-up house with his father and mother and crazy uncle, an' don't have enough money to buy you a calico dress, you'll find out it ain't all—*love*."

"He'd build a piece onto the house."

"An' run in debt for it: you know he 'ain't got a cent. Well, Annie Joy, I've said all I'm goin' to. You know how things are jest as well as I can tell you. You know how I've dug an' scrimped all my life, an' you know how we're situated now; it's jest all we can do to get along, an' your father's an old man. If you marry Frank Rice you'll have to live jest as I've done, only you won't be so well off, if anything: your father had a good house, all paid for, when we started. You'll have to work an' slave, an' never go anywhere nor have anything; you'll have to make up your mind to it. An' if you have Henry Simpson, you'll live over in Lennox, an' have everything nice, an' people will look up to you. You'll have to take your choice, that's all I've got to say."

Mrs. Joy got up and went out of the room with a heavy flourish. On the threshold she turned: "Ain't it 'most time for him to go by?"

Annie nodded. Soon after her mother left the room she saw at a swift glance the young man of whom they had been speaking coming down the sidewalk. She looked quickly away, and never raised her eyes from her crocheting when he went by.

"Has he been past?" asked her mother when she came in.

"Yes."

Mrs. Joy compressed her lips. "Well, you can do jest as you are a mind to," said she.

Yet she continued to talk and advance arguments. If Annie did not go to the picnic with Frank, she had little doubt that matters would be brought to a favorable climax with regard to the other young man, who had lately paid her much attention. She was making a new dress for Annie to wear, and she sewed and reasoned with her all that evening and during the next day.

In the afternoon a young girl, an acquaintance of Annie's, came in. She had just returned from Lennox, where she had been shopping. Lennox was a large village—the city for this little hamlet of Primrose Hill.

"I saw somebody there," said the girl, with a significant smile at Annie, "and he looked real handsome. He was driving a beautiful horse, and he's got one of those new-style carriages. If I was some folks I should feel pretty fine."

"Alice would give all her old shoes to get a chance like you," remarked Mrs. Joy after the visitor had gone.

"I don't believe she'd treat another fellow mean to get it," said Annie. She had looked doubtfully pleased at the girl's joking.

"I don't see as you're treatin' him mean if you let him know beforehand. I guess you ain't the only girl that changes her mind. Mebbe he'll take up with Alice. I should think she'd make him a real good wife."

"He won't; I can tell you that much. He can't bear her."

"Well, he'll find somebody. It's 'most time for him to go by, ain't it?"

"I suppose so," replied Annie, coldly.

It was late in the afternoon. An hour ago Mrs. Daggett had called for Mrs. Rowe, and the two old women had sauntered up the street together. "I didn't tell you what I see in that bureau drawer," Mrs. Daggett had whispered when they started forth; "it was the handsomest black satin I ever laid my eyes on. I—*mean to see it again.*"

"Oh, Mis' Daggett!"

"I'd like to know what harm it can do."

The two, in their homely black gowns, had moved on toward the Primrose house. Frank Rice would have to pass it on his way home from his work: he lived a half-mile beyond.

Mrs. Joy, as she talked to Annie, kept her face turned toward the road, watching for him. "There he is," she said, presently. Annie bent over her work. "Do you hear?" her mother repeated, sharply.

"Yes, I hear." Suddenly Annie sat up straight and looked in her mother's eyes. "I can't do it," said she.

"I'd like to know why not. Hurry, or he'll be gone by."

Annie sat quite still for a minute; her eyes were staring and her mouth set hard. Then she arose and went out of the front door and down the walk. The man reached the gate just as she did. She started, and turned a white face back toward the window; it was Frank Rice's uncle Abel, who, people said, had lost his wits because Maria Primrose had jilted him. He passed, and Annie clung to the gate. An awful voice of prophetic denunciation seemed to cry through all her weakness and ignoble ambition. Her mother appeared in the door, and drew back hastily; she had seen Frank Rice coming, following in the track of his uncle. She remarked for the first time a strong resemblance between the two men, and it thrilled her with a strange horror. She went back into the sitting-room, and peered around a corner of a window. When Frank reached the

gate, she saw Annie step forward. She saw them stand and talk for a few minutes; then they walked slowly up the street together.

"What's she doin' that for?" muttered her mother with a bewildered air; she felt singularly shocked and subdued. Annie and Frank went out of sight in the direction of the Primrose house.

It might have been an hour later when a woman came slowly up the hill which gave its name to the little settlement. She had walked from Lennox; she had not money enough to pay her fare in the coach which ran between the two villages. It rattled past her on the road; the passengers thrust out their heads and stared at her. "I declare, I believe that's Maria Primrose," said one woman to another. Maria Primrose, to call her as her old neighbors did by her maiden name, toiled slowly up Primrose Hill. She was a middle-aged woman, with a slender figure like a girl's; but her face, which had been handsome, had not kept its youth so well; one on passing her saw it with a certain disappointment. Her black clothes had an elegant and almost foreign air; some of the rich silk pleatings were frayed, but that did not hurt the general effect.

When she had come within half a mile of the Primrose house she saw a man at work in a potato field on the left of the road. She stopped and looked at him. Everything was very dusty, and the wind blew; great clouds of dust rolled up from the road, and passed like smoke over the fields; now the setting sun shone through it and gave it a gold color. Maria saw the man through a cloud of golden dust.

He threw down his hoe and came toward her, and she stood waiting. When he was near enough, on the other side of the stone wall, she looked in his face. His large blue eyes looked straight at her with a gentle and indifferent stare, his yellow-bearded mouth smiled pleasantly and vacantly.

Maria went on. Presently she heard a quick shuffle behind her, and Abel Rice passed, never turning his head; he was soon out of sight. When Maria Primrose went up the path to her old home, he stood straight and gaunt before the door; he had pulled the bell, and he was listening. When he saw Maria he shuffled off the end of the piazza, and disappeared among the trees. She looked after him for a second, then she unlocked the door.

There was a scream and a patter of feet up in the second story, then a scramble over the back stairs; Mrs. Daggett and Mrs. Rowe were making their escape from the house. Annie Joy and Frank Rice were also fleeing from the precincts of the Primrose house. Its front piazza had looked quiet and isolated, and they had strolled up there and seated themselves. They arose and went away when Abel Rice came and rang the bell to summon his lost sweetheart; they held each other's hands, and sped along between the trees. They saw Maria, and quickened their pace; but before they passed out into the road, Frank cast a hasty glance around, and the two kissed each other.

Maria Primrose entered her old home to pass the remainder of her life in lonely and unavailing regret and a dulness which was not peace; the two curious old women hustled guiltily out of the kitchen window; Abel Rice went his solemn and miserable way; and the young lovers passed happily forth, starting up before her like doves. There had been a wreck, and the sight of it had prevented another.

PRESIDENT SPENCER OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO.

Samuel Spencer, who was recently elected President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was, not many years ago, only an assistant supervisor of trains in the service of the same corporation, at a salary of $75 a month. His rise, notwithstanding the advantages of a good education, has been remarkable, and he is to-day the only railway employé in the country who has ever attained such an elevation. He was born a little over forty years ago at Columbus, Georgia, his father being a Marylander by birth. In July, 1867, he graduated from the University of Georgia with the first honors in the Junior class, and in the same year he entered the engineering class of the University of Virginia, whence he graduated in July, 1869, with the degree of C.E., at the head of his class.

In August, 1869, Mr. Spencer entered the service of the Savannah and Memphis Railroad, and was successively rodman, leveller, transmit man, resident engineer, and principal assistant engineer in that service until July, 1872. From that date until the ensuing December he was clerk to the Superintendent of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, when, drifting to Baltimore, he first entered the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio as assistant supervisor of trains. On the opening of the Metropolitan branch, in 1873, he was appointed supervisor of trains on all the branches east of Martinsburg, including the Metropolitan. From April, 1877, until January, 1878, he was superintendent of transportation of the Virginia Midland road. He then went to the Long Island road as General Superintendent, remaining there until October, 1879, when he was appointed assistant to the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, the late John W. Garrett. In July, 1881, he was elected Third Vice-President, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Robert Garrett to the Vice-Presidency. In 1884, when Robert Garrett succeeded his father in the Presidency, Mr. Spencer became Vice-President, and now, with the retirement of Mr. Garrett, he goes to the head.

Mr. Erastus Wiman, of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company, who perhaps has had as close a relation recently with Mr. Spencer as any one in the city, says of him: "He has always impressed me as a man of great promptitude and force of character. In negotiations extending over several months, and involving very large interests, I invariably found him extremely quick to apprehend all the points of a proposition, and with equal fairness to all the contracting parties. I never knew a man who more thoroughly appreciated the advantages which an unobstructed entrance into the harbor of New York would realize to a property covering such a vast extent of territory as does the Baltimore and Ohio. Mr. Spencer is a railroad man first and last; there is no man in the country to-day so familiar with every detail of the property under his control, from the cost of a car brick to the estimate of a terminal; and I think the prospects of the company vastly improved by his selection."

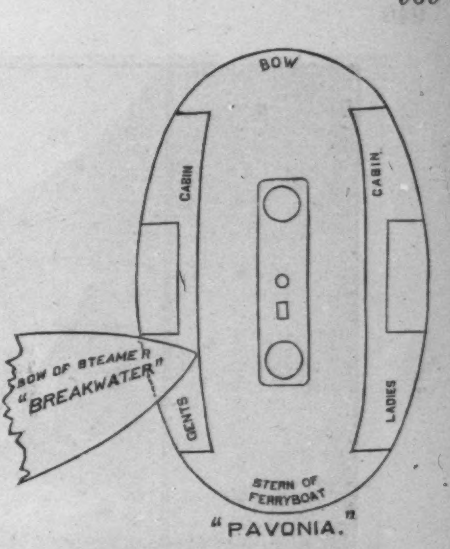
THE CAPTAIN'S TOAST.

For a winter passage, it was not a pleasant one. Just out of the Channel the steamer worked right into a bad streak of weather, and there was a tussle with wind and water for the first few days. Those who had the privilege of a place at the Captain's table saw his chair empty, but they knew where he might be found, and that was on the ship's bridge, intent on his duties, and there was the feeling that as long as he was there there was an added element to the safety of the ship. If the foreign passengers might have been indifferent as to honoring Christmas Day on shipboard, there was a preponderance of Americans and English who had made up their minds that the Highlands must be sighted on or before Christmas Eve. When, then, one of the officers, on the authority of the Captain, announced that the chances were good of reaching port on the 24th, there was hearty cheering. On the last day, the 23d, the usual dinner, a trifle choicer as to viands, and more elaborate in table decoration, took place.

Mr. Barnard presents the moment when the commander of the ship is about to reply to the toast of his health. He has done so many a time, and never in a perfunctory manner. Better than any one else he knows what are the perils he has passed through. Alongside of the Captain is the missionary bishop. It has been his duty to write up preamble and resolutions. The Captain, perhaps, gets his inspiration from the pretty girl who is at his right. The guests rise to their feet, ready to drain a bumper to the Captain's long life and prosperity. The Captain's speech will be brief, and to the point; he will say he "will try and remember them all," and so he will; but how can he, when during the year he has had under his care a thousand people or more? But of this he may rest assured, and it is that all over the United States and in Europe his honest face and bluff straightforwardness will not be forgotten.

THE "PAVONIA'S" DISASTER.

On Friday afternoon the ferry-boat *Pavonia*, which plies between Chambers Street, New York, and the Erie Railroad Station in Jersey City, left her New York slip with about 700 passengers and the usual number of teams. She was well clear of the pier when the few score people in the men's cabin, aft, observed that the strong north wind and the tide were carrying her down the river, that whistles were blowing, and that the incoming Old Dominion steam-ship *Breakwater*, on her way up to her pier, was approaching. One of the *Pavonia's* passengers was Mr. J. O. Davidson, the marine artist, of Harper's Weekly, who, taking in the situation, shouted, "Everybody get out on deck!" The suggestion was accepted with great alacrity; but when once well out of the cabin, Mr. Davidson reopened the door in order to be able to sketch what he might see. Just then the shock came. Although both vessels had taken the usual precautions of reversing engines and so on, the crash was heavy enough to startle nearly everybody, while to a great part of those on the ferry-boat it was a complete surprise, as they were on the opposite side. Mr. Davidson, looking into the cabin, saw that the black iron prow of the *Breakwater* was just moving across the cabin, breaking a gap of eighteen feet through the guards and of twelve feet through the side of the cabin. In a moment more the prow was withdrawn with the same slow motion; the wind, rushing in, put out the lights in the chandelier, and the sunset was visible through the great rent.



"PAVONIA."

Instantly there was a rush to aid the victims. One passenger, who had run in the wrong direction, was found with both legs broken; a second, under him, was badly crushed by the timbers; a third was severely bruised in the hips; a few others were more or less injured. Had the collision occurred on the other side of the ferry-boat, where the ladies' cabin was, full of passengers, the disaster would doubtless have been far greater. The *Pavonia*, when her passengers and teams had been landed, was taken to the dry-dock. There it was found that while just aft the wheel-house, on the port side, she had the great rent already described, the hull was not injured. The United States Inspectors will investigate the accident. The sketch made by our artist under circumstances so exciting we present in the Weekly.

THE MONTEFIORE HOME FOR CHRONIC INVALIDS.

On Monday evening, February 4, 1884, a public meeting of representative Hebrews was held in the Nineteenth Street Portuguese Synagogue "for the purpose of taking steps to becomingly mark the approaching one-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Sir Moses Montefiore."* Various suggestions were made and arguments adduced to carry out this object, and a committee of ten was appointed to report a project for consideration at a future meeting. One month later—the 3d of March—the committee reported unanimously that "a Home for Chronic Invalids seems so eminently useful, important, and feasible that we could discover no better or nobler monument to perpetuate the blessed memory and conspicuous virtues of the man whom we desire to honor."

The proposition was adopted, though with some hesitancy and expressions of caution; but with the energy and liberality which distinguish the Hebrew race everywhere, and especially in New York city, $15,000 was soon collected, and a temporary Home established on the corner of Eighty-fourth Street and Avenue A, capable of accommodating thirty patients, which was dedicated on Sunday, October 19th, of the same year. Worthy applicants for admission became so numerous that the house was shortly filled, and three times the number were refused for lack of room. It was then determined to secure a fund sufficiently large to erect a more suitable building, and a fair for that purpose was held last December in the Central Park Garden, which proved a great financial success, netting nearly $160,000 to the treasury of the institution.

*Sir Moses Montefiore. A Centennial Biography. With Selections from Letters and Journals. By Lucien Wolf. pp. xiv, 254, 12mo, cloth. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

With this and other funds collected the directors made purchase of a very eligible plot of ground on the east side of the Boulevard, between One-hundred-and-thirty-eighth and One-hundred-and-thirty-ninth Streets, and occupying the whole of a small square, upon a portion of which their new building will be erected at a cost of about $150,000 for the structure. The land is paid for, and sufficient money is already in the treasury to cover the construction of the building and furniture, the institution having a regular annual income from patrons and members of $25,000 to provide for the running expenses. As will be seen from the illustration, the style selected is the French Renaissance. The front elevation, measuring 163 feet 4 inches, is to be of buff-colored brick and terra-cotta; steep roof, covered with red tile; an administration building in the centre, with pavilions on each side, the larger pavilion for 60 male patients and the smaller one for about 30 females, each pavilion with two stories and basement, and divided into rooms and wards of one, two, three, and nine beds each, and provided with pantries, bath-rooms, closets, and all the most modern accommodations; sun-rooms, 25 by 30 each, on the south side of the larger pavilion. The administration building, four stories and basement, 48 feet deep, and extension through basement and first story 58 feet. In the basement there are to be sitting-rooms for patients, servants' dining-room, kitchen, scullery, laundry, and store-rooms and refrigerators. On the first floor will be the reception-room, parlor, directors' room, doctor's office, sitting-room for patients, dining-room for 75 persons, dining-room for the officers, and a synagogue with 150 seats; on the second floor, sitting and bed rooms for physicians and nurses, and also a large sewing and sitting room for patients; on the third floor, operating-room and sleeping accommodations for servants; on the fourth floor (attic), storage rooms. There will be an elevator from the basement to fourth story in main building. Messrs. Tryon & Brunner and Albert Buchman are the architects. The entire building is under contract to be completed October, 1888. The plans are adapted to the erection of additional pavilions, while the administration portion is ample for the increase.

Hospitals are for the care of patients whose diseases are supposed to yield to treatment, and as soon as it is found that any are incurable they are necessarily discharged, to make room for other transient cases, "the greatest good to the greatest number" being their wise practice. But what becomes of the vast number of impecunious, hopeless invalids? Whither do they go when they are turned adrift upon the cold world? "Please, sir, don't discharge me!" is the distressing appeal the hospital surgeon hears every day. "God knows I haven't long to live, and if you do put me out I will surely die in the street, for there isn't another hospital that will take me in. You know I am without relations or friends, and haven't a cent to pay for board, nurse, medicines, or a doctor, and just at a time when I need attention most. Oh, please don't turn me away!" At this supplication for very life the good doctor bethinks himself of at least one "haven for the weary"; he states the case briefly in writing, and urges admission. Upon careful personal investigation by a director, the applicant is found to be abjectly poor, and otherwise a proper patient, and the "Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids" throws its doors wide open to receive into its hospitable mansion this poor, broken-down, hopeless human

"THE CAPTAIN'S TOAST."—Dra

Drawn by F. Barnard.—[See Page 939.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER LII.

RICHARD GARDEN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF FANNY LETHBRIDGE.

Punctually at nine o'clock in the morning Tom Barley made his appearance in Fred Cornwall's rooms. Garden, having assumed the command of what nearly every one but himself would have considered a forlorn hope, of course was present; he was fresh and bright, but Fred's face was haggard and anxious. In this respect Tom Barley was no better off; the poor fellow was suffering a martyrdom. The reproaches hurled against him by 'Melia Jane had caused him to look upon himself as a monster of wickedness, and to believe that it was his evidence alone that had brought his beloved young mistress into deadly peril. When Fred Cornwall offered him his hand he shrank back a little, and stood before the young lawyers in an attitude of sad humility, with his arms drooping by his side.

"Why will you not give me your hand, Tom?" asked Fred.

"It's more than I dare do, sir," replied Tom. "I ought to have mine cut off, and my tongue cut out as well, for saying what I did in court, and for bringing Miss Phœbe to her death. If I'd had a notion of the consequences of my evidence, not a word would they have got out of me, whatever the consequence. 'Melia Jane is right; I don't deserve to live. It come over me last night that I might have saved Miss Phœbe if, instead of saying what I did say, I had said something else."

"What?" inquired Garden, in a kind tone.

"Confessed to killing Miser Farebrother myself. I was there, and might have done it, and would if I'd seen him, as sure as there's a God above us, if I'd had a notion of what things were coming to! Yes; if I'd said as much they'd have been bound to believe me, and Miss Phœbe would have been set free. You see, sir, there was every reason for my killing him; he treated me like a dog for years, and I hated him worse than poison. Are you a lawyer, sir?"

"Yes," replied Garden; "and I am assisting Mr. Cornwall in this matter that we all have so much at heart. I do not at all despair of proving Miss Farebrother's innocence even yet."

"There's only one way of doing that, sir, if it can be done legally. I'd like to ask you a question, if you wouldn't mind answering it."

"Go on, Tom."

"Would it be too late for me to go to the police-station now, and give myself up for the murder? If they'd only believe me I should be a happy man again. Then Miss Phœbe would be saved, and everything 'd be right."

"It is too late for that, Tom. Besides, it would be depriving us of the chance of bringing the crime home to the guilty parties and making them suffer for it."

"Ah! if we could do that, sir, it would be the happiest day's work that ever was done in this cruel world! I'd be content to die the day after."

"Well, I am not at all sure that we shall not manage it," said Garden, "and perhaps, Tom, it all depends upon you."

"Upon me, sir!" cried Tom; and Fred also turned to Garden in surprise.

"Perhaps upon you. We shall soon know if the tack I am on will bring us safe into port."

"Your inspiration, Dick?" asked Fred, anxiously.

"My inspiration, Fred," said Garden, gravely. "If the tack is a wrong one, we'll try another. Now, Tom, you have nothing to reproach yourself with. You could do no less than speak the truth."

"I could, sir: I could have held my tongue."

"There is no possibility of your being mistaken in any part of the evidence you gave?"

"Unluckily no, sir. I say so to you because you're Miss Phœbe's friend; but if I had the opportunity now I'd swear the other way."

"Don't speak like that, Tom. What we want is to save Miss Farebrother honestly and honorably; that is our first great object. The next is to bring the murderers to justice. You were not in court during the whole of the trial?"

"No, sir. I was told when to go to give my evidence, and then I had to go back to my duty."

"You were not aware, before you answered the questions as to the woman you saw in the grounds at Parksides and the dress she wore, that other witnesses were examined with respect to the color of the dress Miss Farebrother had on when she left her aunt's house?"

"No, sir, I knew nothing of it; and I wondered what they were driving at."

"You swore to the color—blue?"

"Yes, sir," replied poor Tom, hanging his head.

"You would swear to it again?"

Tom looked round helplessly.

"You would swear to it again?" repeated Garden.

"No, I wouldn't," said Tom, savagely.

"You would, Tom, because it is the truth; and if I am on the right tack, only the truth will serve us. Now, although you were not in court during the whole of the trial, you read the report of it in the papers?"

"I did, sir."

"Clear your mind, Tom, and bend it on what I am about to ask you. In reading the report of the trial, did anything particular strike you?"

"It was full of lies, sir."

"I am sure of that. But anything very special"—and here Garden's voice trembled slightly, as though he were approaching a crucial test—"say as to the color of dresses? Think, Tom."

"No occasion to think, sir. What they said about Mrs. Pamflett's dresses was a pack of lies from beginning to end."

"How is that, Tom?" asked Garden, rising and moving a step nearer to Tom Barley.

"Why, sir, wasn't it said that Mrs. Pamflett hated blue dresses, and never wore one?"

"They did, Tom."

"Damned lies, sir! Why didn't they ask *me* about that? I ought to know, living at Parksides the years I did. I've seen her hundreds and hundreds of times in a blue dress."

Garden caught Fred's hand. "You are ready to swear that?"

"Ready, sir? Yes; and it's the truth—by God!"

A look of triumph flashed into Garden's eyes, and his face was radiant. "I'm on the right tack, Fred," he cried; "Miss Farebrother is saved!"

On the evening of that day Richard Garden and Fred Cornwall met Kiss by appointment. The kind-hearted actor had news of vital importance to give them. Mrs. Pamflett and Jeremiah were still at No. 12 Surrey Street, and had not stirred out the whole of the day.

"Adjoining the room they eat and drink in," said Kiss, "is a little box-room, too small to let to any lodger, but large enough for lumber, and that's the use it's put to by the landlady. Formerly it was part of the room the two fiends have taken, but some time ago it was partitioned off for boxes and that kind of thing. Consequently the wall that separates it from the larger room is made of wood instead of brick. It is a cupboard, nothing more, and anybody concealed there can hear what is going on in the adjoining apartment. Sir, Mrs. Linton, provided with sandwiches and cold tea, has been concealed in that cupboard nearly the whole of the day, unknown to the Pamfletts. The woman who stole the diamond bracelet has been with them, and she heard all that passed. That strange paragraph which is in all the evening papers about the bracelet that was stolen being the genuine one is true. Mrs. Linton heard the woman swear to it. She wanted to know whether Jeremiah Pamflett had possession of the bracelet. At first he denied that he had, but the woman said he was telling a lie, and she did not intend to be done. They almost got to high words, but the Pamfletts spoke in a low voice and calmed the woman down; and upon her swearing that if they did not tell her the truth she would go straight to the police-station and confess the robbery and have them arrested, they confessed that they *had* got the bracelet, but had deposited it elsewhere for safety. 'That being so,' said the woman, 'you must have stolen it from Miser Farebrother, and the girl who has been found guilty of his murder is innocent. It was *you* who murdered him! You are in my power now, and if you don't pay me well to hold my tongue I'll have the pair of you hanged!' For a little while after that Mrs. Linton heard nothing more—only a murmur of voices; but before she went away she heard the woman say, 'To-morrow night, then, at ten o'clock; and mind you come with the bracelet and the money ready. If you don't, your life is not worth an hour's purchase.' That was all; when the woman was gone, Mrs. Pamflett and her son talked in whispers, and not a word could Mrs. Linton catch. But I think she heard enough."

"Quite enough," said Garden, "and you have rendered us an inestimable service. What you have told us would almost justify our taking immediate action against the monsters; but there is something else of great importance to do within the next few hours. We will take them red-handed to-morrow night, the two murderers and the thief who in the first instance stole the bracelet. Then the case will be complete, and there will be no escape for them. Now go back and keep watch upon their movements. They must not be allowed to go anywhere without being followed. If you have the slightest reason to fear that they will give you the slip, lay hands upon them, collect a crowd, and give them in charge."

"Upon what charge?" asked Kiss.

"Upon the charge of stealing the bracelet. If that will not do, say that new evidence has come to light respecting the murder of Miser Farebrother, which proves them to be implicated in it. Give the police my card, and say I will attend at the police-station at ten o'clock to-morrow morning to prove my case. Meanwhile, you will, of course, let me know that you have taken action. But the necessity will not arise: the Pamfletts will not attempt to escape from the woman for the next twenty-four hours; they are quite aware that sudden flittings from place to place would be likely to draw attention upon them, and their chief desire is to avoid observation and be left to themselves, in order that in a little while they may disappear quietly from the country, taking with them the bracelet and the money they must have stolen from Miser Farebrother. If I were not thoroughly convinced of this I should set aside a most important affair in connection with the evidence upon the murder, and have the Pamfletts arrested immediately. My object is to make the case against them so complete that they shall have no loop-hole of escape. It will hasten the hour of Miss Farebrother's release instead of retarding it."

"You are a good general, Mr. Garden," said Kiss; "you put heart into your soldiers. Your instructions shall be followed to the letter."

Half an hour afterward they were in Aunt Leth's house, and were shown into the room in which that good woman and Fanny were sitting. Aunt Leth started up at their entrance, but before she could speak, Garden said,

"You received my letter?"

"Yes, and Fred's also, telling me to do everything you desired."

"Then you have everything prepared?"

"Yes, everything."

"Try to be calm, I beg of you, for your dear niece's sake."

"I will, I will. But it is all so strange—and I cannot understand—"

"Make no attempt to do so yet; very soon you will know all. You will be ready to start with Fred at one o'clock?"

"Yes, I shall be ready."

"Wrap yourself up warm; the nights are chilly now. You may have some time to wait, but you will not mind that. I want to be sure that you will be there before us. Fred will show you exactly what you have to do, and the time to do it. Sit down now and compose yourself. It would be all the better if you could sleep for an hour or two before you start. If you cannot sleep, you can rest; and remember that everything we are doing is to save an innocent angel, to restore her to light and love."

"One word only," said the agitated woman: "you have hope?"

"Something more than hope," replied Garden, with a bright look; "almost a certainty!"

"Oh, thank God!—thank God!" murmured Aunt Leth; and, sinking into a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and, with tears gushing from her eyes, prayed silently and fervently.

"Mr. Garden," said Fanny, stepping forward and taking his hand, "you will save my dear cousin?"

"If it is in man's power to save her," said Garden, gazing earnestly at her sweet, imploring face, "I will save her."

"It *is* in your power, is it not? You believe it is in your power?"

"Yes, Miss Lethbridge; I firmly believe it."

All this time she had held his hand, and now she lowered her face to it; and a thrill ran through Garden's frame as he felt the soft pressure of her lips. Then Fanny turned and went to her mother's side, and folded her in her arms.

CHAPTER LIII.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT.

At an hour past midnight Fred Cornwall called for Aunt Leth in a closed carriage, drawn by a pair of smart horses. Aunt Leth, warmly enveloped in a cloak which entirely covered her dress, was waiting for him. Parting from her family with tears and kisses and blessings, she accompanied Fred to the carriage, and they drove slowly off in the direction of Parksides.

About a mile behind them, on the same road, trotted a horse attached to a dog-cart. Garden was driving, and Tom Barley sat by his side. On the back seat sat a groom.

"What I want you to do, Tom," said Garden, "is to go over the ground exactly as you did on the night of the murder. Where you stopped then, I want you to stop now; and it will be all the better if you can remember the exact turns you took on that occasion."

"There's no fear, sir, of my not being able to remember. Day and night I think of nothing else."

"And now tell me again what occurred on the night Miss Farebrother was turned from her father's house, and you rode with her to London on that scoundrel Pamflett's horse."

Engaged in conversation, they drove along until they heard the sound of carriage-wheels in front of them; and presently, through the darkness, they discerned the carriage.

"Hold the horse, Tom," said Garden. "That carriage seems to be going the same road as we are, and I want to be certain that we are going right."

"We are going quite right, sir. I could take you blindfold, I believe."

"I dare say, Tom," said Garden, jumping down from the dog-cart; "but I am a self-willed fellow, and I would not make a mistake to-night for all the gold in the world. We have plenty of time, have we not?"

"Plenty, sir."

"Stop here, then. I will rejoin you presently."

He ran and called after the carriage; and the coachman, obeying instructions from some one inside, pulled up. In a breathless state, Garden presented himself at the carriage door.

"Are you all right and comfortable?" he gasped.

"Yes, Dick," replied Fred. "And you?"

"Everything is going on splendidly," said Garden. "A bright night, Mrs. Lethbridge, isn't it?"

She pressed his hand in acquiescence, her voice failing her when she tried to answer him. It was a singular opinion to have of a night so dark that they could scarcely see a dozen yards before them.

"You must take care and not catch cold," said Garden. "Was Miss Lethbridge well when you left her?"

Fred replied for Aunt Leth. "Yes, Dick; and she sent you the kindest of messages."

"It was very good of her to think of me. But you don't mean to say you saw her, Fred? She ought to have been asleep hours before."

"She is not going to bed to-night. Bob will remain up with her. Uncle Leth will take a little rest on the sofa."

"Well, perhaps it is natural. I must get back to the dog-cart now, or Tom Barley may be impatient. Drive on, coachman."

As Garden retraced his steps to the dog-cart he saw with his mind's eye Fanny's pretty face looking up through her tears, and the smile upon his lips was a proof that the vision was an agreeable one.

It was a little past four o'clock when the dog-cart drew up at the gates of Parksides.

"Now, Tom," said Garden, as he and Tom Barley alighted, "take me over the ground, and don't make the slightest mistake."

The strange task upon which they were engaged occupied them till sunrise.

"Was the light when you saw the woman in the blue dress about the same as it is now?" asked Garden.

"Yes, sir; only it was a little earlier in the morning. And I was standing as near as possible on this very spot when I first saw her."

"I want to know the exact direction, Tom. We are facing those trees yonder. Was it there?"

"Yes, sir; among those very trees."

"Be sure, Tom," said Garden, stepping two or three paces behind, and taking a white handkerchief from his pocket. "Don't turn, Tom. You are sure?"

"I am sure, sir," said Tom, looking straight before him.

Garden waved the white handkerchief high in the air, and the next moment Tom uttered a loud cry, and darted forward. Garden ran swiftly after him, and caught his arm.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Tom?"

"There! there!" cried Tom, struggling to release himself; but Garden held him fast. Tom's voice trembled from excitement, and his face was white. "I saw her this very minute."

"Saw whom?"

"The woman in the blue dress," cried Tom. "Let me go, sir! let me go!"

"You must be dreaming, Tom," said Garden, his heart beating high with exultation. "Keep still! keep still! Remember, you have promised to obey me implicitly."

"I saw her, I tell you!" cried Tom, shaking all over, but ceasing to struggle. "And now she has disappeared."

"As she did on the night of the murder?"

"Yes, as she did then."

"But you saw her again?"

"Yes, I saw her again."

"But not in the same spot?"

"No," said Tom, turning in another direction. "This way."

He walked on fifty or sixty yards, and Garden, holding his arm more lightly, accompanied him.

"Why do you stop, Tom?"

"Because I saw her in that clump the second time."

Garden took his hand from Tom's arm, and stepped behind him. Again he took his white handkerchief from his pocket.

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, Tom?"

"It isn't possible for me to be mistaken," said Tom. Garden once more waved his handkerchief in the air. "There! there! There she is again!"

"All right!" shouted Garden, as though he were addressing some person in the distance. Racing after Tom, he threw his arms around him.

"If you don't let me go," screamed Tom, "I shall do you a mischief! There she is, coming toward us!"

Slowly approaching them was a woman in a pink dress, holding her head down.

"Now, Tom," whispered Garden. "It will be over in a moment or two. For God's sake keep still, or you will ruin everything! Do you say that dress is blue?"

"What trick are you playing me?" exclaimed Tom, in a hoarse, broken voice. "Do you want to drive me mad? It *is* blue, I tell you. I'll take my dying oath on it!"

The woman was now very near to them. She raised her head, and Tom started back in affright as he recognized the face of Aunt Leth.

"Tom," she said, holding out her hand.

But Tom, holding his hands out-stretched before him, shrank from her as she advanced.

"Tom," said Garden, "you know Mrs. Lethbridge?"

"Yes," replied Tom, in the voice of a man who was utterly dazed, "I know her."

"Would she knowingly deceive you? Would she, whose one great hope is that of saving Miss Farebrother's life, knowingly tell you a lie?"

"No; she could not, she could not!"

"Mrs. Lethbridge," said Garden, "what is the color of the dress you are wearing?"

"Pink," said Aunt Leth, with wistful trembling.

"Pink!" muttered Tom. "Am I going mad?"

"And here is Mr. Cornwall," said Garden, as Fred joined them. "Fred, what is the color of the dress Mrs. Lethbridge has on?"

"Pink," said Fred.

"Mrs. Pamflett's favorite color," said Garden. "The color of the dress she wore when you saw her here on the night of the murder."

"If you've got any pity in you, sir," implored Tom, "tell me what all this means?"

"It means, Tom," answered Garden, "that Miss Farebrother is saved, and her innocence proved. It means, Tom, that you are color-blind. By the mercy of God this has been discovered in time. See to Mrs. Lethbridge, Fred; she is fainting!"

CHAPTER LIV.

JEREMIAH AND HIS MOTHER DISAPPEAR.

That was the busiest of days. There was so much for Richard Garden to do that the wonder was how the young fellow got through it. There were reports from Kiss and Linton to receive from time to time; interviews to be held with the Home Secretary; interviews also with the judge and with the lawyers for the prosecution; test examinations of Tom Barley by experts in color-blindness; excursions to Scotland Yard; and a thousand matters to be attended to. Other persons were busy as well. There was sunshine once more in Aunt Leth's house; the family were looking forward with eager impatience to the joy of their dear girl's release; the room which Phœbe shared with Fanny was made bright with flowers and ribbons; every bit of furniture in the house was polished, every saucepan lid scoured. Uncle Leth came home early from the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

bank, loaded with delicacies for Phœbe. Yes; everything was for Phœbe. Clean linen on every bed, a fire in every room, her own chair here in this corner, on the table the books she loved, the piano open, with her favorite songs ready, her desk looking like new, with fresh ink and pens and paper—everywhere spiritual signs of love. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" sighed Fanny again and again, and, clasped in each other's arms, the mother and daughter wept happy tears, and kissed and laughed, and then broke into tears again. "But we must be patient, darling," said Aunt Leth. "See what Fred says in this telegram—'It cannot be to-day. There are formalities to be gone through. I have seen Phœbe. She knows something, but not all. I feared that the shock would be too great. They say in the prison that she is an angel. She sends you her dearest love. 'I cannot come to you. Dick and I are very busy. God bless you all!' So you see, Fanny, we *must* be patient." Telegrams are flying to and fro all the day. 'Melia-Jane was wild with joy. "Tom may come now when he likes," she said, "and I shall have a beautiful fortune to tell him." But Tom did not come to the house, nor did he send a message, of even a single word.

At eight o'clock in the evening Fred was alone in his rooms, waiting for Kiss, who had arranged to come for him. In company with Linton and a policeman in private clothes they were to follow Jeremiah and his mother when those two left their lodgings to meet the woman who had stolen the bracelet. They were not acquainted with the place of meeting, but it had been settled that the Pamfletts should be stealthily followed, and that some steps should be taken to overhear what took place between them and the woman, and that afterward the three should be arrested. Garden could not form one of the party: he had too much to attend to.

It was destined, however, that this carefully laid plan was not to be carried out. Everything else had succeeded, but this part of the programme of action was doomed to failure.

Kiss did not appear until half past eight, and when he entered the room Fred divined from the distress depicted in his face that something had gone wrong. His first words were:

"They have escaped us, Mr. Cornwall."

"Escaped you!" cried Fred, in great excitement.

"Yes. It is an unfortunate fact. I could beat my head against the wall, but that wouldn't help us. Whether their suspicions were aroused, or whether they had previously decided upon some course of action of which we were in ignorance, I cannot say; but they have disappeared, and so mysteriously that we don't know what to make of it."

"You, or one of you, saw them go, surely?"

"No, sir, we did not; and that is the strangest part of it. We all thought they were in their rooms; nothing had been heard of them for three or four hours, and we supposed they were asleep. At last Mrs. Linton came down from her cupboard, and said she did not know what to think of it, but it really seemed to her as if their rooms must be empty. Upon this the landlady said she would go up and ask them whether they required anything, and she did so; a minute afterward she called to us to come up, and we went. Their rooms *were* empty; the fiends had disappeared; and that they were gone for good was proved by their having taken certain things with them which, if they had only gone on an errand, they need not have touched."

"Perhaps they will come back," said Fred.

"Not they, sir," said Kiss, shaking his head. "They are a cunning pair, and they know what they are about. They have thrown us off the scent, Mr. Cornwall; there's no doubt in my mind about that."

Fred considered a moment. "You have the address of the woman they were to meet?"

"Yes, Mr. Cornwall."

"Give it to me. I will rattle there in a cab, and if I cannot learn anything about her, I will join you at No. 12."

"You will find it difficult to obtain any information of her, sir."

"Money will accomplish anything. I shall find out what I want to know."

Promising the cabman double fare if he drove at his fastest pace, Fred, in less than half an hour, arrived at the woman's lodgings. The landlady, as Kiss had foreseen, was disinclined to speak of her lodger, but a tip of half a sovereign and the promise of another loosened her tongue.

"I don't see, after all," said the landlady, "why I shouldn't oblige you. She has left the rooms, and is not coming back."

Then she related how the woman had gone away in an open manner, saying that she was about to leave England, and did not intend to return. She was not going abroad alone; some friends were going with her. That was all.

"Can you tell me her name?" asked Fred.

The landlady replied that she did not know it.

That was the extent of the information Fred could obtain; and there was nothing for it but to go back to Surrey Street and ascertain whether anything had been heard of the Pamfletts. Nothing had been heard, and none of the neighbors could enlighten them. It was evident that they must have taken the greatest pains to get out of the neighborhood unobserved.

When Garden was informed of what had taken place he was inexpressibly annoyed. It happened that Tom Barley was with him when Fred was giving an account of the occurrence.

"Ah, well," said Garden, presently, "we must make the best of it. We must put the police on their guard immediately. The night trains to the continent must be watched, and to-morrow we will offer a reward for their apprehension. I may manage to get an advertisement in one of the papers to-night. I have seen Mr. Quinlan, the wealthy owner of the stolen bracelet, and he has admitted that it was the genuine one which was stolen. He said he told the story to the police and the reporters in order that he should not be annoyed. 'I am rich enough to be able to afford such a loss,' he said. Wish we were—eh, Fred? I doubt whether I should have succeeded in prevailing upon him to let me pursue the case had I not informed him that in connection with it was a diabolical murder, for which an innocent girl had been condemned to death. 'The man who has the bracelet,' I said, 'is the man who committed the murder, and he and another laid an infernal plot to bring a beautiful girl to a shameful end.' This excited him, and he has given me *carte blanche* as to the expenses. So to-morrow we will offer a reward of five hundred pounds for the apprehension of Jeremiah Pamflett and his mother. It is good to know that their disappearance will not retard Miss Farebrother's release; everything is in training for that happy event. Ill as I can afford it, I would give something out of my own pocket to know what takes place to-night between the murderers and thieves."

To some extent, the late editions of the newspapers on the following day supplied him and the country with the information he desired to obtain:

"The Murder of Miser Farebrother.—The Mystery of the Diamond Bracelet.—Strange Revelations.

"The painful interest excited in the public mind by the trial of Miss Farebrother for the murder of her father, Miser Farebrother—a crime of which, in the teeth of the verdict, the young lady is now incontestably proved to be innocent—will be revived by the account we now publish of an outrage which took place last night, in an untenanted timber-yard near Nine Elms.

"These premises have been unoccupied for some considerable time. They are of large extent, and out of the way of regular traffic. Early this morning, just before sunrise, the policeman on the beat, passing the timber-yard, heard a sound as of a person moaning within. Entrance to the yard is obtained through a pair of wooden gates, which are in a very dilapidated condition, being practically off their hinges. Indeed, by persons in the neighborhood they are regarded as unsafe, and as likely soon to fall to pieces. The policeman, passing through these gates and going some distance into the yard, his course being guided by the faint moaning which had first arrested his attention, saw before him a woman in a frightful state. She was bleeding from a deep wound at the back of her neck, which must have been inflicted some hours previously, and was not sufficiently sensible to understand or reply to the questions addressed to her. Without delay the policeman procured assistance, and the woman was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she was examined by the surgeon, who pronounced the wound she had received fatal, giving it as his opinion that she could not live twenty-four hours. Her pockets, which bore the appearance of having been rifled, contained nothing which afforded a clew to her name or address, nor were her clothes marked in a way which would lead to her identification. At ten o'clock this morning the woman recovered consciousness, and being made sensible that death was approaching, requested the presence of a magistrate, to whom she made her dying deposition, which we give here word for word:

"'My name is Maria Baily. I was in the employ of a wealthy lady, Mrs. Quinlan. I was acquainted with a man who called himself Captain Ablewhite, but that is not his right name, and I don't know what is. He promised to marry me, and he prevailed upon me to steal a diamond bracelet of great value. It was worth forty or fifty thousand pounds. What I did with the bracelet after I took it from the jewel-safe of my mistress has been described in all the papers. We were stopping at the Langham Hotel. A man was waiting outside on the night I stole it, and I went and gave it to him, and then I ran away from my service to a room Captain Ablewhite had taken for me in Leman Street, Whitechapel. Captain Ablewhite told me that the man to whom I gave the bracelet was named Jeremiah Pamflett, and that his master, a rich money-lender, Miser Farebrother, was going to lend money on it. Three days after I stole the bracelet Captain Ablewhite took me away to Germany, and I remained with him some time."

[to be continued.]

CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

The organization employed in the Northwest Territory of the Dominion to keep order, suppress the sale of spirituous liquors, hunt down horse-thieves, and enforce among the Indians respect for the law, is the Mounted Police. They are about twelve hundred strong, but seldom, except during hostilities with the Indians or half-breeds, are found together in large bodies, being scattered all the way from Manitoba to the Pacific. Although a civil constabulary, they are military in organization. A fine-looking set, too, they are, well drilled, well "set up," and uniformed in red coats and light blue riding breeches with orange trimmings. Having better pay than the men of the army, their recruits are picked from many applicants, some being veterans of India, Egypt, or South Africa. Many of the officers have been promoted from the ranks on competitive examination and good records.

The Mounted Police are armed with Winchester carbines and Enfield revolvers, but the privates do not carry sabres. Even when off duty they are still booted and spurred, with belt and revolver. Like the British soldier, the mounted policeman uses pipe-clay and blacking in profusion to keep his equipments in trim, and from his cap, perched at as great an angle on the right side as his right ear will permit, down to his polished boots with their invariable silvered spurs, with which it is fabled that he sleeps, he presents a correct military appearance. The Mounted Police are a fine body of cavalry, riding Montana bronchos, but not carrying a cavalry pack, as they usually move with a wagon for each small detachment carrying what they need. There is little desertion among them, though now and then the loneliness of winter-quarters leads to it. They have learned the need of brevity and firmness in their dealings with Indian marauders. An officer follows stolen horses to an Indian camp, and leaving his escort behind, goes to the chief's lodge, sits down, lights his pipe, and says: "You have stolen horses in this camp. I must have them brought to me. When the sun is so high" (pointing up), "I leave." Then he puffs his pipe and is silent. The horses are generally brought. There is plenty of scope for skill and nerve in the duties imposed on the Mounted Police.

Our illustration represents a "musical ride" of the force, given at their head-quarters at Regina. The sports and games of the cavalry service comprise wrestling on bare-back horses, vaulting, leaping, and feats of *manége* riding, including the "horseback version of the 'Lancers.'" Men are not detailed for this exercise; it is strictly amusement, and is participated in by officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates with truly democratic equality. Good horsemanship is the only passport required, and firm and easy must be the seat of any who aspires to join the ride. For the "Lancers" sixteen troopers take part, and for the occasion we are describing they had imported some bamboo lances, and with their Mexican saddles and fiery bronchos they presented a very strange spectacle to eyes accustomed to the usual cavalry set-up. The brass band strikes up a lively air, the audience gather round—Indians, travellers, policemen, all the population of the frontier post—and then the ride begins. First at a walk, then at a trot, finally at a gallop, they cross and recross, grand chain, all the figures of the well-known dance as far as they can be adapted for quadruped performers. The grand last act is a charge, with lances "levelled in long, long row," delivered with a vim that made our special artist, who from the vantage-ground of a soap box was sketching the scene, feel his point of observation decidedly insecure. These rides can only be held in the larger garrisons, as at the smaller scattered posts the requisite number of men can rarely be mustered.

A FRONTIER HORSE AUCTION.

It is an auction, but without any of the pomp or circumstance of a sale at public outcry as carried out in the East. There has been no announcement made weeks beforehand through the public prints, advertising somebody's stables, with strings of horses every one of which traces its lineage (as per catalogue) "to the original Godolphin Arabian." It is nothing more than a rough-and-ready sale of a single horse, an improvised performance adapted to the changing fortunes of cow-boy life. It is the auctioneer who bestrides the horse he sells, and it is his own particular mount. Bill has been busted. He may have succumbed to financial explosion through no fault of his own. If you asked Bill why he sold his horse, he might or might not tell you the whole truth about it. As likely as not he would say, "You see, I struck a job in May at Riotter's Run, and punched cattle right along; but then me and the boss didn't keer much for one another, and I got tired, and I put out." Perhaps the season was bad, and ranch-owners, counting their present losses, forgetful of their past gains, had reduced the number of hands and dismissed every man they could do without, and Bill had been sent adrift, and had tried ever since "to ketch on anywheres, but had had all-fired poor luck."

Bill might not understand the phrase that a cow-boy's life is not all *couleur de rose*, but if you said to him, in an inquiring way, "Is cow-punching all it is painted?" he would reply: "No, not by a durned sight! See here, Mr. Tenderfoot, it's all blessed fine, as them books makes it out, of a cow-boy's life being—what was it they called her?—an igeal [ideal] one. It sounds mighty fine to have four or five horses to ride a day, and to be going on a full run, rounding up, and all that kind of thing. But the facts is jest so: you gets up at sunrise, and you don't get off your horse until sundown, and mostly you are that tired that it's sleep you hanker for more than anything else, after grub. Yes, it's fun to do it for a day or so, but you jest keep on at that kind of work for weeks and months, and then where the fun comes in you mostly don't see. Times isn't what they used to be, and the bosses is gettin' meaner and meaner; and then, too, it ain't no steady job, for when winter comes you're not wanted, and off you goes, and if you haven't broken your neck, what you've made in the season is got to give you grub during the winter."

Bill always has, however, the instincts of a nomad, and never can stay long in one place. It may be that his "pard" has told him of a pile to be made in Arizona (locality yet undefined), and Bill makes up his mind to try mining, and so sells out all his property. Anyhow, all Bill has in the world, excepting the rough clothes he stands in, is his horse, and one day, not having a cent in his pocket nor a friend within a hundred miles, Cow-boy Bill comes into a frontier town and sells his horse.

Mr. Zogbaum has made a capital sketch of that peculiar episode in a cow-puncher's life. The locality is some small frontier settlement where there is a force of United States soldiers. Bill has to find his purchasers, and that is not an easy task, for Fort O'Rafferty, or Maginnis, or whatever this Hibernian stronghold is called, is not a populous centre. On one side of the little plaza is the post-office, on the other the exchange, with fillings up of clothiers, drinking shops, and places of dubious amusement. Here are occasional smart soldiers, and teamsters, and such idlers as Fort O'Rafferty possesses. It is Bill's chance. He dashes up in fine style, then reins in his horse, and begins. He is not exactly wanting in guile, but he makes no bones as to the plight he is in.

"I've got to sell him, gentlemen; I'm dead-bust. But I'm not the fust busted cow-boy you've clapp'd eyes on, for they be always a-coming in busted from a long time ever so fur back. Now, boys, here's a horse to sell, and what do yer say? It all goes—horse, saddle, bridle, quirt—the whole shebang—and I'd sell myself too for a decent figure. That there horse is a good one, and none the wuss for wear. Me and him is bully on cows. That was his biz and mine. Some of you must know a horse when you see him. Don't you take no exvantages of the fix I'm in. Some on you must know what it is to be strapped. It's money I'm sot on gitting, though money, they do let on, is as skeerce around these parts as hen's teeth. I'll do the most I kin to accommodate this crowd. You hain't all bust, be ye? Take a chance on this here outfit. That horse isn't stolen. That's his brand—two squares and a sukkle [circle]. I ain't no orfing a-begging. I'm a live cow-boy a-selling a real horse. Come, now. What a mean crowd you be, onyways! Whar's your gizzards? Durn me, if it wasn't that I don't like to hurt your feelinks—this being, as I hear, a moral town—I'd just put up this outfit of mine in a pool agin any other three men's fifty dollars each, and play a freeze-out for him."

This latter idea seems to tickle a man in the crowd, and a teamster makes the first bid. Bill keeps on bantering and chaffering. He shows off the horse's paces as only a capital rider can. By degrees he warms up the audience. Horses at Fort O'Rafferty are, however, a drug in the market, though saddles and bridles may be in active demand. The bidding slows down. At last forty dollars is reached, and then not even a quarter more is advanced. "Gone!" cries Bill. "Forty dollars! That's twenty-five dollars for the saddle, five for the bridle, a dollar for the quirt, with the horse throwed in for nothing. Say, mister, I'll stand treat;" and stand treat does Bill, which "setting up" at the bar of the Miner's Home diminishes Bill's total fully ten per cent. Under certain circumstances at particular seasons, when horses have been plenty and dollars scarce, a good horse, with serviceable saddle and bridle, has been bought in these frontier towns for twenty-six dollars.

Bill may go afoot during the winter, but somehow or other next spring he will manage to get another mount, and it is quite as likely that before the next year is over, Bill will become once more the auctioneer of his own horse.

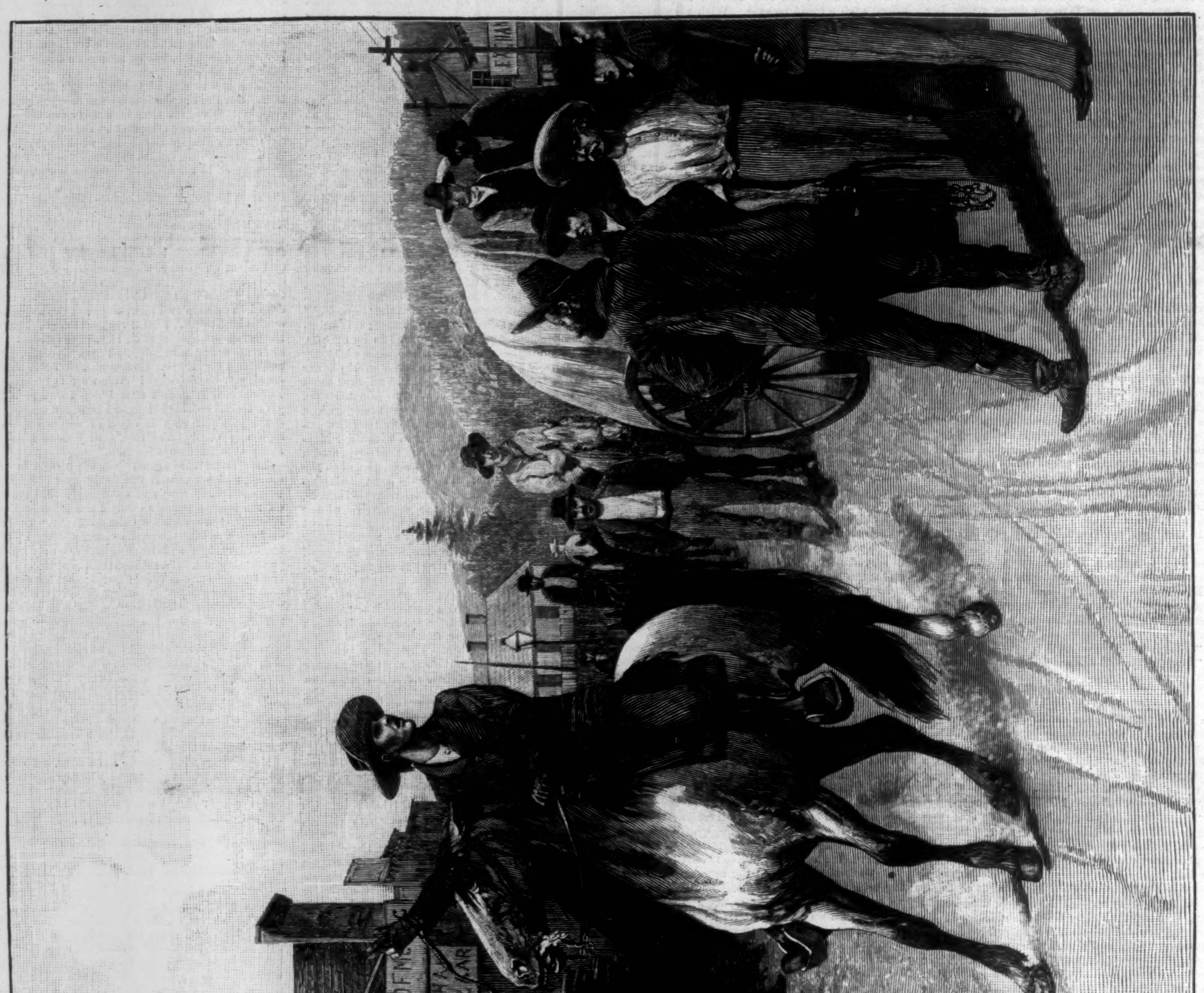
THE DETROIT RIVER AT NIGHT.

Detroit is a beautiful city, with its wide, clean streets and avenues lined with luxuriant shade trees, its stately business blocks, and the handsome homes that greet one at every turn, indicative of widely diffused wealth and prosperity; but its most attractive feature is the river to which it owes its name and growth. The illustration in this issue shows the river, and the city as it presents itself to the tired traveller going west from New York. For two or three hours his train has been running through the cheerless wastes of southern Canada, and the varied panorama seems all the more beautiful by contrast. The surface of the river is dotted with the lights of the swift little steamers that ply between Windsor and Detroit, or of the larger lake craft; beyond, the city stretches along the bank three or four miles on either side. Warehouses and factories extend back several blocks, and these are deserted and silent at night, but from behind rises the reflection of the lights of the city.

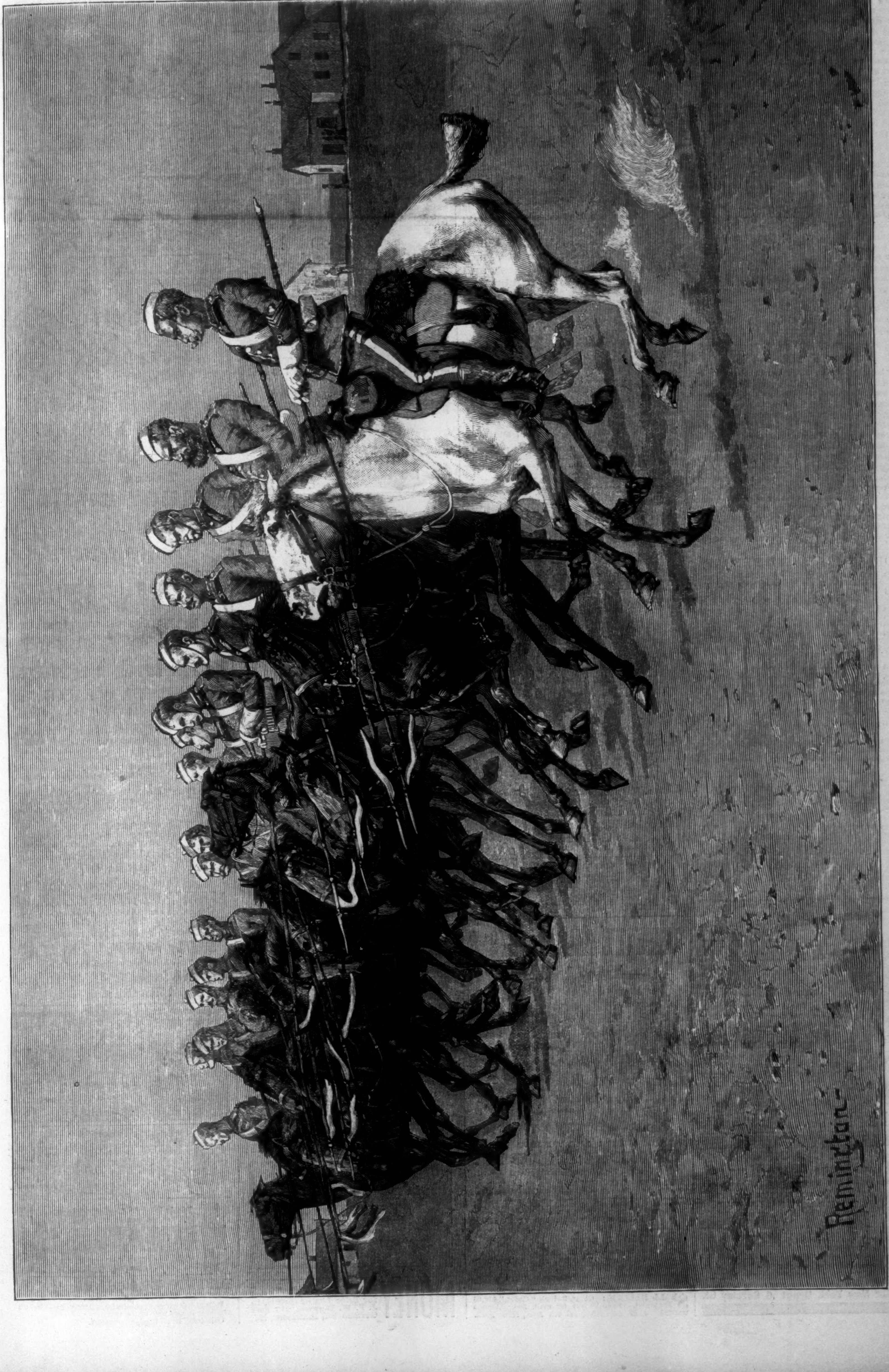
The river plays an important part in the business and social life of the city. It has made it a manufacturing centre, where the products of the Lake Superior mines are transformed into stoves and safes and everything which can be made from copper or iron. In the past it forced the railroads to give the merchants low rates, and greatly enlarged the territory from which they could seek customers. To the social life of the city it has given a distinctive character not to be found in any other place in the Union.

The river is as great a source of pleasure to all classes of people in Detroit as the ocean is to New-Yorkers, with the advantage that it is easy of access. It makes it possible even in the hottest summer months to find a cool place, and the proportion of rich Detroit people who spend the heated term away from their homes is very small. They rather choose to take their vacation by coming to New York in the winter. During the hot July and August days it is a common practice for two or three ladies who want a breath of fresh air to go down to the river, establish themselves in comfortable chairs on the upper deck of a ferry-boat, and ride back and forth as long as they please. When a short stop on the Canadian shore is also made, to buy a pair of gloves to smuggle back, the ladies think they have had a comfortable, exciting, and profitable time.

There are half a dozen handsomely equipped boat clubs in the city for the young men, but nearly all have suitable accommodations for ladies as well. They have a generous supply of racing shells, but each also possesses one or two great twelve-oared barges, into which a party of fifteen or twenty young people can be crowded if they want to go two or three miles up the river to an island club-house for an impromptu dance. Ten or twelve miles further up there is a pretty colony of summer houses built by a number of rich Detroiters, which they reach by means of a private steam-boat.



A HORSE AUCTION ON THE FRONTIER.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 943.]



THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE ON A "MUSICAL RIDE"—"CHARGE!"—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 943.]

MR. WILLIAM E. DODGE.

An event of exceptional interest in the religious world was the recent General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States, held at Washington. In the character of its membership and of its proceedings—which latter were marked by the utmost concord and enthusiasm—it was a remarkable gathering. The President of the Alliance is Mr. William Earl Dodge, who has filled this office for several years, succeeding Mr. John Jay. Mr. Dodge, who bears a name honored long in the philanthropic and religious community, is a native of New York city, born in 1832, and was for many years President of the Young Men's Christian Association here, as he is now of its Board of Trustees. During the civil war he was associated with the late Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as Allotment Commissioner, and again on the Sanitary Commission, performing services for the soldiers which were acknowledged by a vote of thanks of the State Legislature. He has engaged in the work of the Evangelical Alliance with great earnestness, and with profound faith in the good that will be accomplished by combined effort. In his opening address at Washington he argued that at present the greater part of Christian resources are unused; that many efforts are misdirected; that a want of organization and mutual understanding causes much waste of effort and money; that many modes of work overlap each other; that large spaces are untouched. It is the aim of the Alliance to further the work of "applied Christianity" throughout the entire land.

'TIS AN ILL WIND

That brings with it gusts of rain from the northeast. When the wind blows from that quarter on a wet day, the rheumatic are apt to suffer, even if seated by their "ain comfortable ingle" in a cosy arm-chair. A few wineglassfuls of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—most genial and comforting of specifics—will afford them unspeakable relief. There is ample proof on record of its efficacy in this disease—more particularly if used for its relief at the outset. Chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, and a lack of tone in the kidneys and bladder should also be treated with this useful family medicine of botanic origin. Appetite improves, refreshing slumber once more visits the weary eyelids of the nervous, and the circulation is enriched and accelerated in consequence of its invigorating and regulating action. Use it as a protector after getting wet.—[*Adv.*]

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The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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And unfeigned disposition to help all the time
To make strong the life-ladders that friends had to climb,
And to each help himself by assisting another,
With strength grown from strength that he gave to his brother,
There ne'er was a district where womanhood's tongue
Had more mercy for womanhood, agèd or young,
Than the place we will call by the name of Noname,
Till the news of the great County History came.

The rest of this poem (3 full pages), one of Mr. Carleton's most pleasing and entertaining, can be **found only in the WESTERN FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1888,** the **61st year** of its publication—besides many **interesting** and **amusing original** articles, among them **"Some Facts About Blind Men,"** by Prof. B. B. Huntoon, Ky. Institute of Blind; **"A Case of Providence,"** by M. Quad; **"A New Perpetual Calendar,"** &c., &c. Price **only 10 Cents.**

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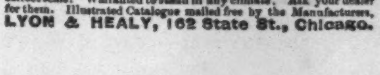

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